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{ From Beginning,
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IN TOWN.

1.

I HAVE a friend across the street,
We never yet exchanged a word,
Yet dear to me his accents sweet,
I am a woman, — he a bird.

2.

And here we twain in exile dwell,
Far from our native woods and skies,
And dewy lawns with healthful smell,
Where daisies lift their laughing eyes.

3.

Never again from moss-built nest,
Shall the caged woodlark blithely soar;
Never again the heath be pressed,
By foot of mine forevermore!

4.

Yet from that feathered, quivering throat,
A blessing wins across to me;
No thrall can hold that mellow note,
Or quench its flame in slavery.

5.

When morning dawns in holy calm,
And each true heart to worship calls,
Mine is the prayer, but his the psalm,
That floats about our prison walls.

6.

And as behind the thwarting wires
The captive creature throbs and sings,
With him my mounting soul aspires,
On Music's strong and cleaving wings.

7.

My chains fall off, the prison gates
Fly open, as with magic key;
And far from life's perplexing straits,
My spirit wanders, swift and free.

8.

Back to the heather, breathing deep
The fragrance of the mountain breeze,
I hear the wind's melodious sweep,
Through tossing boughs of ancient trees.

9.

Beneath a porch where roses climb,
I stand as I was used to stand,
Where cattle-bells with drowsy chime
Make music in the quiet land.

10.

Fast fades the dream in distance dim,
Tears rouse me with a sudden shock;
Lo! at my door, erect and trim,
The postman gives his double knock.

11.

And a great city's lumbering noise
Arises with confusing hum,
And whistling shrill of butchers' boys;
My day begins, my bird is dumb.

Temple Bar.

C. B.

SWEETBRIAR.

How fragrant is the summer dusk
With breath of mignonette and musk;
How dear this hour of rest,
When waning twilight fills with gloom
The shadowy corners of the room
Outlooking to the west!

The blue-eyed prattlers who have played
All day in sunshine and in shade
Among the garden bowers,
Have said good-night — I look around
For scattered toys, and on the ground
I see their faded flowers.

Poor blossoms, plucked with childish haste,
Your summer sweetness ran to waste
In heat of childish play;
A half-blown rose of crimson hue,
Forget-me-nots of heavenly blue,
A tuft of rosy may;

A branch of sweetbriar — Ah, my heart!
The tender tears unbidden start
To weary, world-worn eyes;
I kiss the faded, fragrant spray,
And memories of a bygone day
Before my vision rise.

How often my lost darling wore
The sweetbriar green! She loved it more
Than many-tinted bloom;
It often graced her maiden breast,
Now, planted where she lies at rest,
It beautifies her tomb.

My little love in days of old!
Youth's morning hour of rose and gold
Comes back to me to-night;
I see her in her girlish grace,
The sunny sweetness of her face,
Her childish robe of white.

I smell the sweetbriar in her hand,
I see the garden where we stand
On England's southern shore;
I hear the rippling streamlet fall,
I hear her laughter musical,
Now silenced evermore.

She was too frail for earth's employ,
Too calm and pure for human joy;
But like the sweetbriar green,
The memory of her gentle life
Makes sweet the years of worldly strife,
That lie our lives between.

Thy life and mine, my little love,
My life below, thy life above,
God's love shall re-unite.
I kiss the children's faded spray:
My sweetbriar graceth, far away,
The land of pure delight!

All The Year Round.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE SULTAN'S HEIRS IN ASIA.

THE unexpected downfall of Lord Beaconsfield's government and the advent of a Liberal party to power in England open a new chapter in the history of the Oriental question. However sceptical we may be of radical changes in policy coinciding with a change of ministry (and the appointment of Lord Granville to the Foreign Office hardly indicates original or striking action), it is impossible not to recognize the fact that imperialism in Turkey has lost and the cause of national freedom has gained something by the event. The day of liberty may not yet quite have dawned for the populations of Asia, but their night is a little farther spent, and in the applause which has greeted Mr. Gladstone's victory we seem to listen to that first rustle and awakening of the Eastern world which precede its dawn. The sick man, their master, too is awake, and has turned uneasily on his couch. He has an instinct now of his doom, and clings obstinately to each minute as it flies. He may subside again for a while to sleep, but he knows it cannot be for long. He and we, the least sanguine of us, know that a few more months, a year or two at most, and the empire will have entered on its agony. Already speculation is busy in the minds of all these populations waiting on the future, and a whisper among them now and then goes round, "Who are to be the sultan's heirs? Shall we ourselves inherit?"

It is in view of this new position of things, and in concert with the impatience of the patient East, that I venture to draw attention to the past history and present claims of the various nationalities now forming the Asiatic empire of the Turks, and to suggest their possible future when the empire itself shall have ceased to be. I would invite, as it were, a glance inside the imperial testament, or rather of the testament which fate and Europe are about to sign independently of the imperial will. It is not too late even now to alter some of its dispositions, and in so complex a case any addition to the general stock of knowledge is

an addition to the stock of power possessed by our rulers. The future is always a little in our hands, if we but will it; and every one of us may make or mar something of its dispositions. In these days, especially, of English control in Asia and popular control in England, no Englishman who has the interest of the East at heart, and who knows her wants, and has a tongue to speak, need quite despair of being heard, and, in however small a degree, influencing the event. It is in no vain spirit then of prophecy that I would essay to answer the question propounded thus vaguely by the nations of the East about their future, but as one to whom that future is dear, and who in the measure of his power would do all things to assist them.

That some such question as this of the inheritance of Asia is being asked of each other by our statesmen cannot well be doubted. Our most Conservative politicians hardly any longer affect a belief in Ottoman regeneration, and, in spite of a continuance by the newspaper press of the old arguments in favor of this and that reform for Turkey, the public feels that the writers are only putting a good face on painful matters, and has ceased seriously to believe. Even Lord Salisbury, if he found himself suddenly recalled to power, would hardly care to take up the skeins of his policy exactly where he dropped them, or reiterate his old political syllogism regarding the Porte. He would, I believe, acknowledge the flaw in his major premiss, and abandon the maintenance of imperial rule in Turkey as the *only* solution of the Eastern question. He might still argue that a reformed Turkey would be strong, and a strong Turkey England's best ally; but he must have long since recognized the fact that Turkey is unreformable, and that her strength is nearly spent. All who have been looking at all beneath the cards in politics during the last six months know this, and it is inconceivable that the new comers at the Foreign Office, be they who they may, are not by this time aware that they have to face an Ottoman collapse, and that whether or no the empire was the best ally of En-

gland, England must learn to do without it.

The chief danger in English policy at the present moment for Turkey in Asia lies in the fact that there is also a Turkey in Europe with more than rival claims on its attention. The future of Thrace and Macedonia is pressing for a solution, and I confess to an apprehension lest in the hurry of adjusting these the future of Syria and Armenia be overlooked. It is even conceivable that in consideration of speedy justice being done to his subjects in Europe the sultan may be allowed to deal still more than ever as he wills with his subjects in Asia. The enfranchisement of Roumelia and Epirus would release twenty thousand men for other duties, and put them at the sultan's disposal for coercive measures on the Arabian frontier. I can even imagine a Liberal chief secretary mildly approving such a plan as one "conducive to order in the provinces;" and I cannot wholly forget that it was Lord Granville who held the clothes of the Turks when they were stoning Arabia in 1872, or that Mr. Gladstone, in the catalogue of misdeeds he drew up last winter against Turkey, omitted altogether her offences against her Mussulman but non-Turkish subjects. It seemed too far a cry from Bagdad to Midlothian.

I enter then a plea for nationalism in Asia as it has been entered for nationalism in Europe—for nationalism as opposed to imperialism, for liberty as opposed to bondage, for the people of Asia as opposed to their masters, whether those masters call themselves sultan or czar; and I do so on the ground that Asia has but this one chance of recovery from the disease of which she is dying, and that the chance is about to be presented to her, and that if she is prevented now from seizing it she must wait, perhaps another thousand years, and that she cannot afford to wait.

To do this with effect I can hardly begin better than with a sketch of her past history, for this is in truth the clue to all arguments respecting her in the future. No land shows more plainly in the past the causes of its present condition, or

suggests its future hopes more conclusively by an appeal to hopes deceived.

The history of Asiatic decline has been magnificently told by Gibbon; but he did not tell all. It began before the days of the Roman Empire, and has been continued after it and during the century which has nearly elapsed since Gibbon's death. For a period, indeed, of nearly three thousand years we may trace at intervals the very agents at work on the prosperity of western Asia which now in their supreme development are achieving her ruin. There are intervals too in her history at least as significant in which we find the general course of her decay interrupted, and by examining the reasons of which we are able still further to acquire a certainty in determining the law of her decline. *Exceptio probat regulam*; and these last may prove the best rule for our guidance if we would seriously attempt a remedy.

We must go back to very ancient days, nearly a thousand years before Christ, to find the golden age of Asia. At that date the lands now forming the Ottoman Empire were divided amongst a number of autonomous states, each an independent nation and possessed of its own political instincts and social traditions. A few of these we know something of, and one we know well, the rest only by name. Assyria, Troy, and the Greek republics of the West are distinct pictures in history; Judæa is to us a household word; and the names of Armenia, Cappadocia, Bithynia, and Paphlagonia are associated with early lessons in ancient geography. Assyria alone of these was at that time an empire, and it was shortly after to split up into the kingdoms of Nineveh and Babylon. The rest were small communities territorially, but consisting each of a numerous and thriving population. We know how many fighting men the rugged hills of Palestine could send out, and Palestine was no specially favored land. We know what cities the desert boasted—Tadmor, just founded by Solomon on the road to the Euphrates; and Petra, on the road to the Red Sea. The desert then, as now, was an index of prosperity for the

nations adjoining it. The Euphrates valley was full of thriving towns. Assyria, fertilized by a system of irrigation never since equalled in the world, out-rivalled Egypt as the corn-producing region of the East, Armenia was a flourishing nation extending from the Black Sea to the Chaldean plain, and boasted an older existence as a kingdom than any in Asia, for the dynasty of its kings traced their descent in unbroken line from Noah.

In Syria we find Hadad, king of Damascus, and Hiram, king of the Phœnicians, at Tyre—the latter a nation of merchants spread along the eastern coast of the Mediterranean, and carrying their mercantile ventures into every land of the old world, from Spain in the far west to the central deserts of Arabia.

Arabia itself had its kings, who were rich enough to bring presents of gold and spices to Solomon, and whose shepherd rule, the most ancient of existing forms of government, had extended itself in a previous age to Babylon on the one hand, and Egypt on the other.

Lastly, in Asia Minor we find an affinity of small communities existing for the most part as kingdoms, but of which we know little more than the name. Troy alone of the cities of that day has any definite physiognomy in our recollections, but its description by Homer serves us as an example of what the rest may have been. In any case we know that the life of Asia Minor was then free and vigorous; that the whole region now forming Turkey in Asia, from Smyrna, on the Ægean Sea, to the holy city of Echmaizen, near Mount Ararat, and thence southwards to the Persian Gulf, was a densely populated region, the centre of the political life and commerce of the world. At no subsequent period has civilization reached a higher point east of the Mediterranean; and yet this was nearly three thousand years ago.

It was in the eighth century before Christ that its first misfortunes came to western Asia. The Assyrian monarchy, which had hitherto satisfied itself with conquests in the direction of India, now spread itself to the north and the west,

destroying the independence of Armenia,* and later of Syria and Judæa. In 721 B.C. Samaria was taken, the king of Israel was carried away captive to Babylon by Shalmanesar, and whole nations were enslaved by him. Then first appeared in the western world that system of centralized imperial government on a gigantic scale which has been maintained with few interruptions ever since in Asia. Then the nations, subjected for the first time, ceased to govern themselves. They became the servants of a master whose pleasure was their law, and for whose profit they tilled the land which had ceased to be their own. Their wealth was then first drained away in tribute to a distant capital, and their sons enlisted to fight not for their liberties, but for their enslavement. In 588 B.C., Jerusalem was destroyed, and Jeremiah could write of his country: "He hath given up into the hand of the enemy the walls of her palaces. Her gates are sunk in the ground. He hath destroyed and broken her bars. Her king and her princes are among the Gentiles. The law is no more. . . . All that pass by clap their hands at her. They hiss and wag their heads, saying, Is this the city that men called the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?"

The Persian Empire followed, embracing not only the conquests of Assyria, but all western Asia in its grip. Asia Minor was then first divided into satrapies, the prototypes of the provinces of Rome, the pashaliks of Stamboul. In the year 323 B.C., four centuries of despotism had so far done their work in Asia, that Alexander, its third conqueror, could stand upon the site of Nineveh and ask where Nineveh was. The greatest city of the ancient world had disappeared.

The disintegration of Asia, however, was not destined yet to become complete. At the death of Alexander the imperial system broke suddenly in pieces, and the lands so long held in bondage regained a temporary freedom. The nations of Ar-

* Chronology is in doubt respecting the date of Semiramis' conquest of Armenia, some placing it as much as a thousand years earlier than others. It seems, however, most probable that it belongs to the later period of the Assyrian power.

menia, Cappadocia, and Judæa rose again from their graves, and many a small community of Asia Minor reappeared under a government of its own. The shores of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea then started into new life, and the Greek colonists rebuilt their decayed and ruined cities. This was the age of the rebuilding of the temple of Ephesus and of the founding of Nice and Laodiceæ. In 166 n.c. Judas Maccabæus drove its Gentile rulers from Jerusalem, and purified the temple. It was a brief respite in the political and commercial decline of Asia, the first of those interludes of free life which, as I have said, are the exceptions by which we are to prove the rule of imperial decay. It lasted three hundred years, and then the Romans came.

The Roman system, from the very virtues of which it was in early days the exponent, shows more conclusively than either the Persian or the Ottoman the inherent vice of its rule. In spite of the purity of its agents and the intelligence of its administration, it of a necessity destroyed the moral life of the nations it subdued, and as a consequence, their social and commercial well being. "The provinces," says Gibbon, "were destitute of any public force or constitutional freedom. It was the first care of the Senate to dissolve those dangerous confederacies which taught mankind that as the Roman arms prevailed by division they might be resisted by union." Here, in a few words, we read the principle which has been the law of its being to each successive phase of imperial rule in Asia, and to Rome's as to the rest — to maintain its unity through others' division, to be strong through their weakness, to be wise through their unwisdom, to be great by their diminution, and, as an extreme consequence, to live on by their death. The highest expression of the imperial rule of Rome was the maintenance of order given in the term a "Roman peace;" its lowest the condition of which Tacitus speaks in his sentence, "*Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*" The power of Rome was from first to last, in her golden age as in her decay, the one end of Roman government, not the welfare of the provinces. This was sometimes a means, but more frequently an obstacle, to that end, and was never an end in itself. It is true that in the day of imperial greatness vast works, ostensibly of public utility, were undertaken by the proconsuls, but these were for the most part also works of conquest. The great high-roads, so striking

a feature of Roman administration, were in their essence military. It was not for the advantage of commerce that they were projected in straight lines from camp to camp, turning aside neither for city nor for village. It was not solely for the convenience of merchants that bridges were built and harbors deepened. The speedy and effective assertion of her power wherever disturbance was apprehended by the massing of her legions in fortified positions — this was a first necessity of life for Rome, and the roads she constructed were as much a military measure as the arming of her troops. As long as the provinces were rich they could afford the expenditure, gigantic as it was, but it brought them in the end their ruin. Once in the grip of Rome, through the annihilation of time and space which speedy communication brings, they were impotent to resist her exactions. Tribute and tax were imposed at will, and the drain of their wealth to a foreign capital depended now only on the virtue and moderation of their rulers, things rare at all times in the history of provincial administration. A later age saw corruption and misrule replacing the old Roman justice, and then imperialism, armed to the teeth, worked out its full results, until in its turn grew weak in the feeble hands of the Byzantine emperors.

In the seventh century the Arabian conquest swept over the regions south of the Taurus, and put an end to the militarism of Rome in Syria and on the Euphrates. A new kind of freedom now for a while was seen in Asia. The caliphate, established at its commencement by military power, could not long maintain itself, as the Roman power had been maintained, by military means. It soon fell to pieces. The Arab character is essentially opposed to the long continuance of despotic forms, for it is intolerant of system in government and of that administrative mill by which despotisms live. Bound together for an instant by the power of religious fervor, the tribes of the south soon reverted each one to its separate interests. Centralization was from the first impossible. The caliphate itself was divided not a hundred years after its institution, and everywhere communities sprang up within it, maintaining a certain measure of independence and self-government. It became the prototype of the feudal system of Europe, and though absolutely unlike the freedoms either of old Greece or of modern America, it was freedom still. The towns of western Asia once again

enjoyed communal life, and the profession of arms became, as it always should be in free communities, a privilege, not a service. In no age since the halcyon days of the Roman Empire was commerce more prosperous on the high-road to India than from 650 to 1150 A.D. Even so late as the twelfth century Benjamin Tudela, the father of Eastern travellers, found all the line of the Euphrates peopled with great towns, living on the trade which passed along its banks. Palmyra alone in his day must have contained a vast population, for he reckons two thousand Jews among its inhabitants. The cities of Chaldaea and the Tigris were at this time rebuilt; and Bagdad, reviving the glories of Babylon and Ctesiphon, became the greatest commercial centre of the world. This was the last period of freedom for western Asia—her St. Martin's summer of prosperity. Marco Polo, the next European traveller who passed that way, found Bagdad sacked by the Mongols.

I am not writing a history, but pointing a moral. The Turanian conquerors, Mongol, Tartar, and Turk, besides the spirit of destruction (and they destroyed three-fourths of Asia), brought with them once more the spirit of despotic power to all the lands they overran. The last and most persevering, the Ottoman Turk, acquired with the Arabian conquests the rest of the Greek Empire, and with the empire the fatal inheritance of organized imperialism bequeathed by Rome. Unlike the Arab, in whom commercial instincts predominate, the Turk cared little for the production of wealth. His instinct was essentially military, and adapted itself with ease to the position of command once held by the Roman legionary. The Ottoman sultan, when he at last found himself established in Caesar's seat, wielded the selfsame weapons that had been borne by Maximin and Caracalla. He adopted the militarism of the empire *en bloc*, with its system of land-tax and tribute, and its evil tradition of rule, half force, half fraud. The wealth of Syria and Egypt and Mesopotamia now once more drained to Europe, and was expended there on largesses to the Janissaries, as the Roman emperors had given largess to the Roman legions. The land-tax levied on the gross produce and in kind—the cruelest tax ever designed against the labor of man—was continued in full severity; the proconsuls or exarchs of the old empire reappeared in the pashas of the new; and even the individual agents of the emperors were taken

into service by the sultans. Greeks and Armenians still pulled the strings of government at Constantinople, and pulled them with less scruple than ever, for they were now acting on races and religions foreign to their own. It was the system of Rome without Roman integrity, the system of Byzantium without responsibility in its agents. Never before in her history was Asia so systematically despoiled.

It is outside my present purpose to insist upon the *abuses* of power so notorious under Turkish rule. It is the power itself that is evil. I believe sincerely that the Turk is not a whit less honest than his fellows in the empire, and that were the Ottoman system transferred into the hand of any nationality in the Levant, it would equally conduce to the ruin of the land. Nay, more, that even European agents would as completely fail. What has made the Turkish tenure of power more rapidly fatal than its predecessors is that it has been at work upon weak and exhausted populations instead of on populations industrious and wealthy. The machinery of imperialism, in a country made up of such a diversity of sects and races, must necessarily be extremely costly, and Asia is no longer able to support its burden. Even if every pasha and every mudir were honest, the weight of taxation alone would continue enough to prevent an increase of population. The military and administrative machinery cannot be reduced if the empire is to be maintained; and at the present moment it is a race between government and people which shall outlive the other. The Ottoman government, like the ichneumon grub in the body of the caterpillar, has exhausted the fatness of its prey; it is now feeding on the vitals, and the wasting of the victim is alarmingly rapid. As I write, famine is at work all over Asia Minor, for the simple reason that the seed corn of the previous year was seized in payment of the taxes. Thus the people grow daily weaker and less able to withstand their oppressors, and whether they shall die first or these is now the only question.

Nor is England wholly blameless for the result. It must not be forgotten that the military strength of Turkey, which is her instrument of oppression, is mainly due to England. In the years following the Crimean War, English capitalists provided the loans which reorganized the sultan's forces, equipped them with arms of precision, and gave them the command

of the sea. Never, in the history of Turkey, has the sultan's power been so great, *relatively to the power of the people*, as within the last twenty years. Even now, when his army is broken and his treasury empty, he is far stronger than any combination against him in his own house; and though possibly dying, the sick man wields his blows with hardly abated strength on those of his servants who would rebel. *If the sword is sharp in his hand it is England that has whetted the edge.* What the end shall be depends still mainly on England. A few more years of such support as was given by Lord Salisbury, another loan from English capitalists, the construction of military roads and railways through Asia economizing the strength of imperial power, and the whole of the Asiatic provinces of the sultan will have followed the fate of Mesopotamia, Chaldæa, and the Euphrates valley. They will have fallen out of cultivation. Their population will have disappeared. Can England say that she has had no hand in the death of these people?

I would set it earnestly before the sense of right, and justice, and mercy, which have been so freely invoked by every member of the present Cabinet while out of office, whether, now they are in office, they will continue to countenance the crime which is every day being committed in Asia. They have not Lord Salisbury's excuse of believing the Turkish military power to be a necessity for England. They have one and all denounced the fallacy. They are not unprepared, it seems, to give their moral support to Thrace and Macedonia, but will they do nothing for Asia? The Cyprus Treaty is a weapon in their hand if they will but use it. It gives them a right of interference no other European power can claim. Are they to use it only for the purpose of urging reforms on the Porte which the Porte cannot and will not give, and which, if it gave, would be worse than useless to the people of the provinces? Bitter mockery, if all this talk is to end in the organization of an effective police!

But no. I would rather indulge in dreams of a more hopeful future. The nations of Asia, though dying, are not dead, and a little sunshine of liberty would bring them back their health. I would suppose the sultan's government, unsupported by any moral or material countenance from without, to cease in some one of the many ways decreed by Providence for political extinction. No

man, they say, ever dies merely of old age; and human institutions too have the agents of their doom appointed. It may come by some palace intrigue, by a mutiny of troops, by a simultaneous rising of the people in many provinces — perhaps, too, by the adoption of some quack remedy from Europe — constitutional reforms, parliamentary government, political suicide, who knows? In any case, we may be sure it will not come without a convulsion, and one in which blood will be shed and passion roused. Then it will be well for Asia if some one with authority is at hand to compose the storm, reorganize the chaos, and help the nations to new life under new conditions.

The outlying provinces will be the first to gain their freedom. Arabia waits only for a sign of weakness, for a withdrawal of Turkish troops from Mecca and Katif, to achieve her independence. For her there is no difficulty, and she needs no help. The constitution of her governments is already traced out for her. Mecca and Medina will raise the standard of a new caliphate in alliance with the confederation of Nejd now forming in Jebel Shammar. Hasa and Katif will revert to Ibn Saud, or to its older independence. New principalities will arise in Hadramaut and Yemen. In twenty years from the departure of the last Ottoman soldier the Turkish rule will be forgotten in the peninsula as completely as if it had never been. Arabian communities are as the sand of the desert. They retain no trace of the footsteps of their conquerors.*

In connection with peninsular Arabia, we may expect to see communities founded on similar principles arise in Mesopotamia and Irak. The present pashalik of Bagdad has this advantage for self-government, that its population in race and religion is singularly homogeneous. There are, it is true, within it distinctions of opinion between the adherents of the Suni and the Shia sects of Islam, but no Christian element exists either at Bagdad or Bussorah worth considering. The few Armenians found in those towns are of foreign, not native extraction, and reside in them on the footing of foreigners. The Jews form a not inconsiderable and an ancient community in Bagdad, but neither they nor the Armenians have anything to fear there from Mussulman bigotry, the Bagdad Sunis being the laxest

* See "Recent Events in Arabia," *LIVING AGE*, No. 1876, p. 538.

and least religious of believers. In Kerbela and the other towns west of the Euphrates, where the Shia element predominates, there are neither Jews nor Christians; and in the country districts all alike are Mussulmans. Arabic is the common language of all classes, and Arabian ideas of order and morality prevail throughout. The transition from Turkish law to Arabian custom would be natural and easy, and it must not be forgotten that within living memory the important towns of Meshed Ali and Kerbela acknowledged no external authority besides that of the Bedouin Ibn Haddals. A return to this state of things would be hailed with enthusiasm by the citizens, who have more than once in the last forty years risen against their Turkish conquerors. Bagdad and Bussorah, as free towns under the protection respectively of the Shammar and Montefik sheykhs,* would enjoy exemption from those dues and restrictions with which the Ottoman government is extinguishing their trade; and the country districts, relieved from the land-tax, would invite Arab colonists not only from Arabia, but from the Persian province of Arabistan, where tribes of Arab race groan under a fiercer persecution than even that of Turkey. The formation of free Arabian states on the great rivers is the *only* chance for the re peopling of what was once the kingdom of Babylon.

The question of free government in non-Arabian Turkey is more complex. In Armenia and Kurdistan the mixture of races and religions, of manners and prejudices, makes the establishment of free communal life, so easy on the lower Tigris and Euphrates, a practical impossibility on the upper. Armenia, if it is once more to be a kingdom, must commence its new life under something stronger than the moral sanction of Europe. The Armenian Christians, still cultivating the soil unincorporated with Russia, are far from numerous, and are moreover divided by sectarian differences. The Kurdish beys are everywhere more powerful than these unarmed, unwarlike peasants, and, except under the direct military protection of a European power, they could not maintain themselves or live an hour. Yet for the permanent ex-

istence of a free State between Russia and Asia Minor it is essential that that State should be Christian; and the elements for its formation are not wholly wanting. The Armenians of Armenia are indeed weak, but there is a greater Armenia without, which is both numerous and powerful. The Armenians scattered over Asia Minor and the Levant are the boldest and most successful merchants of the empire. They possess great wealth, and in many places great influence. They are above all intensely national. Of all the races of the East there is none with so wide an intellectual grasp or so firm a political instinct as the Armenian. It has produced in our day more than one statesman who may rank as a man of genius. Nubar, Melikof, and the author of those admirable essays which have appeared lately in our English reviews under the signature of "An Eastern Statesman"—in the presence of such names who shall say that Armenia is incapable of self-government? The present kingdom of Greece, when first launched into being, was hardly in better case. The Greek peasant and the Albanian Pallikar were little more promising than the Armenian and the Kurd. Greece was backed by another Greece from without, and so may Armenia be backed by another Armenia. A European occupation may for some years be necessary to organize and teach and arm the unwarlike Armenian for his self-defence; but the task need be no very costly one, nor one without a limit in time.

To England, as interested in the peace of western Asia, the existence of a free Christian State interposed between Russia and the Mediterranean would surely be worth some sacrifice to secure. Left as it is under Turkish misgovernment, Armenia must eventually fall wholly to the czar, who would have a continual and just pretext for interference in the desperate condition of a Christian population on his borders in process of extermination by the infidel. He would sooner or later come forward in Armenia, as he did in Bulgaria, as a liberator, and with better reason. Russian liberation means generally conquest. What the exact form of the new government should be I am not bold enough to determine, nor have I space in the present article for more than the barest statement of possible combinations. In reviewing the analogous case of Syria I shall suggest a few considerations which will equally apply

* That this is no fanciful notion the late government of Bussorah by Nassr el Ashgar, the Montefik sheykh, goes to prove. Under his rule the province enjoyed absolute tranquillity, and the revenue was punctually remitted to Bagdad.

to Armenia, and I leave the rest to be planned by those who may have the power to execute. Neither will I venture to decide what power Europe shall intrust with the guardianship of Armenian infancy. Russia, if sincere, would be the best and most natural protector; but her interest might not incline her loyally to carry out the task. England, by virtue of her Treaty of Asiatic Protection, might seem to have a prior claim. I should prefer to call it a prior duty.

Asia Minor, being wholly Turkish and wholly Mussulman (for the Greek colonies on the coast would revert to Greece), may possibly still remain under a sultan's government—a sultan, but not such a sultan as we see now, the master of fleets and armies, enthroned in a city of palaces. He would no longer be caliph or commander of the faithful. He would be commander only of the Turks, and, shorn of wealth and power, he would live at Brusa poorly, and on sufferance. The Turks, if they hold to him as the descendant of Öthman, may still acknowledge him as their chief, perhaps still serve him faithfully. If so, he may reign on, and let us hope to better profit. If not, Asia Minor and Islam can do without him. It is to be hoped in any case that a less centralized government than that now visible at Constantinople may take its place at Brusa, or wherever the new capital of the Turks may be placed. Possibly some reproduction of the old feudal system under local beys, tributary to the sultan, may appear. The first necessity of Asia Minor is the abolition of the land-tax and the freedom of the agricultural population from levies and imposts of all kinds. With the fall of the empire an imperial army will not be required, nor an imperial navy—for Turkey too must be content to live by her weakness—and a local police should be sufficient for the few wants of provincial discipline. The Turks are, if industrial at all, an agricultural race, and they will painfully till their land for many years to come, and, the destructive ambition of their masters overthrown, will perhaps once more increase and reoccupy the vacant spaces of Asia Minor. Peace and time may effect this—as time and war have effected their ruin.

I have reserved the future hopes of Syria for a last inquiry. These are the most immediately important to ourselves, the European public, which sends its yearly pilgrimage of tourists to the Holy

Land, and which has already established its colonies on her shore, and so acquired an interest.

Of all the provinces of the empire Syria is the most divided in race and religion, and consequently the most difficult to weld into a homogeneous State. In it the rancorous bitterness of rival creeds gains its full expression, and we find no bond of union between the innumerable sections of society but that of a common language and a common bondage to the sultan. Once the central authority relaxed, all seems ready to fall asunder in confusion. And this would undoubtedly be the case were Syria left entirely to her own devices on the collapse of Turkey. On the other hand, the Syrians (if by such a name we may speak collectively of the races which intermingle in Syria) are more in sympathy with the lines of European thought than the other Asiatics of the empire. The Frankish kingdom of the Crusaders has left more than a trace of its two hundred years' existence. Churches and monasteries are found everywhere, and a vast number of indigenous Christians frequent them. In late years European colonists have been established in more than one locality, and the nature of the soil and climate seems to lend itself to schemes of European settlement. Syria is easily accessible to Europe, being but a narrow strip of country with a long seaboard. In physical features it strongly resembles Algeria, of which the French have made a colony. It is a land of hills, with a mean level above the sea sufficient to make the summer heats endurable; and it is not a little remarkable that the Atlas and the Lebanon are the only two mountain-ranges on which the cedar of Solomon is found. What has been done in Algeria could certainly be done in Syria if Syria were in the possession of a European power. The existence of the shrines of the Holy Land, indeed, seem to point to a close connection in the future between Syria and Christendom.

I think, however, something better might be done for Syria than the French have done for Algeria. Most of us will confess that Jerusalem laid out in boulevards and united with Bethlehem by a *route nationale* fringed with poplars, French blouses in the Lebanon, the Code Napoléon at Nazareth, and a taste for absinthe everywhere, are not the highest form of civilization a Holy Land might aspire to. Neither would one wish for

the rowdyism there of English colonial life, nor for the spectacled officialdom of Germany. Something of Europe I fear there must be, but something short of this. Syria requires protection, possibly for some years occupation, by a European power; but let it be protection and temporary occupation only—let the plan of her future government be drawn for her on Oriental lines. The instinct of communal life introduced by the Arabs exists among nearly all classes of Syrians, and should be sedulously fostered. Central government should not aspire to be administrative. Its end should be order, not administration. Above all, let us hope that Syria will be governed for the Syrians, and not treated as a penal settlement for Europe. Algeria has suffered in this way, and to this may be attributed its financial failure. But I am indulging in the dreams of El Feshar with his basket of glass bottles—and details well may wait.

One thing, however, I would point out, that in any scheme for protection which may be agreed upon for Syria between the European powers, it will be well if that protection is limited to the line of the Jordan and Orontes. Beyond that, a protecting power would be launching itself on a sea of trouble. Eastern Syria contains no Christian population, and its traditions are wholly Arabian. It may well be left to self-government on the Arabian plan. The vain ambition of ruling the Sahara has entailed an endless expense on France without appreciable advantage; and a poor country such as Syria must be can have no pretension of controlling its Bedouin neighbors. The folly of the Turkish government has been that instead of living on terms of alliance with the sheykhs, they have sought to coerce them. As friends they would have increased the commercial wealth of Syria; as enemies they only entail a vast expenditure of military force.

Of Egypt I have said nothing. She is not quite Asia, though Asiatic, and I feel that in suggesting her independence with that of the rest I should be treading on too dangerous ground—the toes of the bondholders. Nor have I urged the re-establishment of the Greeks at Constantinople. This would be opening a still wider and still more dangerous question. I believe, however, in the practicability and policy of both these schemes of justice, and it is not from lack of argument that I am silent.

Of my scheme for Asia I have still

something to add. In order that it should be practical, the consent of Europe to England's new protectorate must be gained. Something too must be allowed to the vanities and the ambitions of those powers which have claims on the Ottoman inheritance. Protection for many years from foreign aggression will be required for the new states which I am proposing to establish, and protection, to be effective, must have a personal quality. The protection of all by all is no protection at all, and a joint guarantee of Asiatic independence signed by the whole of Europe would break down at the first necessity of its enforcement. I would suggest rather that in default of England's undertaking the sole responsibility, others of the powers be invited to join her in the task. Let Russia be invited to protect Armenia, France Syria, and Austria Asia Minor. England could reserve to herself a special protectorate over Egypt and Arabia, for the latter will require moral support against Persian aggression.

The future of the Turkish capital cannot be quite passed over here. Constantinople is probably too big a house at present for any one of the new-formed States of Europe to occupy. Its immediate future is that of a free town where, with full freedom of the Bosphorus for the ships of every power, it need no longer be an object of jealousy between them. The Greek towns of Asia Minor also should be free if they prefer freedom; if not, being all on the seacoast, they may be joined to Greece. I would insist once more on the fact that it is by their weakness, not their strength, that all these States must live. What is necessary for them is not strength, but repose—repose from taxation, from conscription, and from the constant burden of officialdom. As States modelled on European methods they will be for many years too poor. They cannot support armies, military or civil, and must be content with simpler conditions of existence than our statecraft is likely to suggest for them. Like persons brought low by long illness, their best chance lies in nature. Relieve them from the influences which have brought them to their present desperate case and watch them carefully, but leave the rest to time—time and the pure air of liberty.

I know that to many minds the plan thus sketched of a free Asia working out her own salvation in her own way will seem a little Utopian. It is the fashion of the day to scoff at liberty, and to treat its worshippers as enthusiasts rather than

as serious thinkers. Yet the time was, and not so long ago, when the happiness of small States, self-governed and self-sufficient, was the merest truism of philosophical writers. If the present generation finds sympathy only for vast agglomerations of men—united Germanies and united Italies—the generation of our fathers was loud in exalting the truly higher position of modest independence. Switzerland was then the ideal with political writers of a civilized community, living, not on the barbaric strength of armies, but on the moral greatness of its freedom, the practical wisdom of its commercial life, and its contempt of ambitions. I confess to a preference for this older creed. I am not ashamed to say that, in spite of the crimes committed in her name, I still hold by liberty as the best and noblest gift of man, the truest source of happiness and well-being to a people. I urge it, then, once more upon the Liberal government, upon the Liberal party of England, to follow the true instincts and traditions of their faith. It is their highest boast that they have for generations encouraged liberty throughout the world. Let them encourage liberty now in Asia. Let them abandon that old labor of the damned—the regeneration of the Ottoman Empire—and prepare a way for the new life which shall succeed it. Let them treat their guardianship of western Asia not as a burden, but a trust. The Cyprus Treaty, I repeat, is a weapon in their hands, forged it may be for another purpose in an evil interest, but now an instrument for good. If it was understood by those who signed it as a personal pledge to the sultan, the people of Asia understand it otherwise. They read in it a declaration of England's interest in themselves, and it would be the bitterest drop in the cup of their humiliation if, through impatience at the misdeeds of the sultan, England should solemnly wash her hands, and declaring herself innocent of their righteous blood, hand them over to new slavery and the czar—for this is the fate which awaits them as certainly as it awaits all unprotected Asia if no one stands between it and them in the birth-throes of their freedom.

Construed as the support of free governments against foreign despotisms, the Cyprus Treaty would cease to be an insane convention. Its execution would become for England a great and ennobling duty, and for the unhappy populations of western Asia an unmixed blessing.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XLII.

AFTER these events an interval of great quiet occurred at Markham. Paul went to town, where he was understood to be reading for the bar, like most other young men, or preparing for a public office—opinions being divided as to which it was. Naturally Sir William Markham's son found no difficulty in getting any opening into life which the mania of examination permitted. Indeed there were friends of his father's very anxious to get him into Parliament, and "push him on" into the higher branches of the public service, but he had not yet sufficiently recovered from the rending and tearing of the past to make this possible. He was inseparable from one of his Oxford comrades, a young fellow whom nobody knew, a young Cræsus, the son of some City man, who had judiciously died and left him, unencumbered by any vulgar relations, with an immense fortune. It already began to be said by people who saw the young men together, that no doubt Lady Markham would be wise enough to secure this fine fortune for Alice; but at present, of course, in the first blackness of their mourning, nothing could be definitely arranged on this subject. Paul lived in London, at first moodily enough resenting the great harm that had been done him, but afterwards not so badly on the whole. He had lost a great deal certainly, but not anything that takes the comfort out of actual life. He was as well lodged, and had his wants as comfortably supplied as if he had been Sir Paul Markham. Hard as his reverses had been upon him they had not plunged him into privations, and indeed it is possible that young Paul in a public office would have as much real enjoyment of his life as any landed baronet and county magnate, perhaps more; but then for Paul, if he wanted to "settle," for Paul married and middle-aged, the case would be very different unless indeed he married money, which he showed very little inclination to do.

Spears sailed in the end of October with his younger daughters, Janet having first been married with much solemnity to her master at the shop, who gave her a very gorgeous house, with more gilding about it than any house in the neighborhood, and dressed her so that she was a sight to see. Her father never pretended to understand the history of the tie which

had been formed, he could not tell how, and broken in the same mysterious way. He had a vague consciousness that he ought to have done or said something in the matter, but how was he to do it? And all is well that ends well. Before the emigrants sailed, Fairfax appeared suddenly and renewed his anxious desire to take those shares in the undertaking which Spears had not permitted Paul to retain. Fairfax protested that it was as a speculation he did it, and that nowhere could he find a better way for investing his money. And though Spears was only half deceived, he was at the same time, in spite of himself, elated by this profession of confidence which restored the *amour propre* which had been wounded, and at the same time restored himself, as the controller of so large an amount of capital, to his place among the adventurers. He would not have accepted a farthing from Paul, but from that easy-going fellow Fairfax all seemed so natural! Whatever happened he would not mind; but there could be little doubt that the estimate thus formed was entirely true.

Thus quiet fell upon Markham with the winter mists and rains. It was not cheerful there in the midst of the wet woods, when the dark weather closed in without any of the hospitalities and wholesome country diversions which make winter bright. Their sorrow and their mourning only began to reign supreme when all the agitation was stilled, and Paul had settled into his strangely changed existence, and Sir Augustus had become the master of the house. The only variety the family had was in a sudden visit from the Lennys, husband and wife, who had only heard of all that had passed on their return from a round of all the cheap places on the Continent, which was their way of living when they had no visits to make. Mrs. Lenny knew what so few of us know, where these cheap places were, and had eaten funny foreign dinners, and knew how to choose what was the best in them, in many an out-of-the-way corner. They had been in Germany and Switzerland, appearing now and then at a watering-place, as a seal comes to the surface to take breath. And it was not, accordingly, till nearly Christmas that they heard all that had happened. Mrs. Lenny came and threw herself upon Lady Markham's shoulder and wept. "If I had known, my dear lady, if I had known the trouble that was coming on your dear family through me and mine!" the good woman said. As for Colonel Lenny, he could

not speak to Lady Markham, but went off with the boys, who were at home for the holidays, after one silent grasp of her hand; but his wife talked and cried, and cried and talked, all the afternoon through.

"And don't blame poor Will Markham more than you can help," she said. "It was a baby when he left the island, and what does a young man think of a baby? It doesn't seem to count at all. And then my brother had adopted the little thing. It didn't seem as if it belonged to him."

This appeal to her on behalf of her own husband, wounded Lady Markham almost as much as blame.

"I understand how it was," she replied with proud stoicism; though even at that moment, in having him thus defended, there glanced across Lady Markham's mind a sense of the wrong he had done which was almost intolerable to her. Thus the mind works by contradiction, seeing most distinctly that which it is called upon not to see. Afterwards, Mrs. Lenny told her the whole story of Gus's young mother, and her love and death, which she listened to with a strange feeling that she herself was the girl who was being talked of, who had died so young.

"He was no better than a lad himself," Mrs. Lenny said. "I don't doubt that it was like a dream to him. When Lenny and I talked to him first he did not seem to understand about the boy."

"You talked to him then — about — his son?"

"That was what we came for, surely," said Mrs. Lenny, "that was what we came for. We knew nothing about you, my dear lady, and we didn't know there was a family. When I heard of your fine young gentleman that was to be the heir, — God bless him! — you might have knocked me down with a straw; and I told Will that he should make a clean breast of it. But do you think a man, and a great statesman, would take a woman's advice? They think they know better, and he would not. He thought nothing would ever happen, poor Will! And here it's come upon you like a tempest, without a word of warning."

"We will say no more about it," said Lady Markham.

If she could she would have obliterated the story from everybody's memory; instead of dwelling upon her wrongs it was her pride to ignore them. It was intolerable to her to think that all the world of her acquaintance must have discussed her and her husband, and all that had

happened, as Mrs. Lenny, with the best of intentions and the kindest of thoughts, was doing. She put a stop to the conversation pointedly, leading her companion to other subjects, and though she was more kind to them than ever, and treated those kind and innocent Bohemians as if, Mrs. Lenny said, they had been the governor and his lady, she did not encourage any return to this subject. As for Gus, though he had scarcely any recollection of them, he was very glad to see these relations, who knew so much more about him than any of his family did. Colonel Lenny was a godsend to him in the dark winter days. He could hardly make up his mind to let them go. But the Lennys were too much accustomed to wandering, and too determined, whatever might be wanting to them, that a little amusement never should be wanting, to relish the gloom of Markham in its mourning. When they went away, Mrs. Lenny whispered a solemn intimation, of which it was difficult to say whether it was a warning or a prophecy, into Lady Markham's ear. "He'll not stand it long," she said. Her note was half melancholy, half congratulatory, and she nodded and shook her head alternately, looking back, as the carriage went down the avenue, upon the group at the great door. Lady Markham, with a shawl round her, was as fair in her matronly beauty as ever, though a little paler than of old. She was not afraid of the chill, but stood there waving her hand to her departing guests till they were out of sight. But Sir Gus withdrew shivering to his fire, which roared up the chimney night and day, and could never be made big enough to please him. He could not understand what pleasure it could be to any one to encounter that chill air, laden with moisture, out of doors.

The fact was that the English winter was a terrible experience for Sir Gus. He had not contemplated anything so unlike all that he had previously known. He had heard of it, of course, and knew that there was cold to encounter such as he had never felt before, but he was not aware what were the consequences of that cold, either mental or bodily. He shrank visibly into the midst of his wrappings, and grew leaner and browner as the year went on, and sat shivering close by his great fire when the boys came in glowing with exercise, and the little girls, his favorites, with the brilliant roses of winter on their cheeks. "Come out, come out, and you will get warm!" they

all cried; but he would not leave his fire. A man more out of place in an English country-house in a severe winter could not be. Gus could do nothing that the other gentlemen did. He neither hunted nor shot, nor even walked or rode. He did not understand English law or customs, to occupy himself with the duties of a magistrate; he did not care about farming; he knew nothing about the preserving of the game, or even the care of the woods. He was even fretful when the agent or his clerk came to consult him on any of these subjects. Go out and look at the timber! he only wanted more to burn, to have better and better fires.

By this time the family at Markham had almost begun to forget that Gus was an intruder. There was no more question of Lady Markham's removal to the dower house. Nothing had been said about it by one or the other, but it had been quietly, practically laid aside, as a visionary scheme impossible in the circumstances. They all lived together calmly, monotonously, in perfect family understanding. Even Alice, who stood out so long against him, had learned to accept Gus. The little girls made him their slave; he was always ready to do anything they wanted, to take them wherever they pleased. But life got to be very heavy upon Gus's hands as these winter days went on. He had nothing to do; he did not even read—that resource of the unoccupied; he had no letters to write, or business to do like his father, and he soon began to hate the library which had been appropriated to him, notwithstanding its huge fireplace. He was more at home in the soft brightness of the drawing-room, with velvet curtains drawn round him, and the lights reflected in the mirrors and sparkling on the pretty china and ornaments. The ladies found him always in their territories more than in his own. He interrupted nothing, but notwithstanding, there, as everywhere, there was nothing for him to do. It was only now and then, not once a day at the most, that there was a skein of silk or of wool to hold for some one. Sometimes he would volunteer to read aloud, but he soon tired of that. He bore this want of occupation very well on the whole, sitting buried in the big bamboo chair, which he had filled with soft cushions, at the corner of the fire in the drawing-room, looking on at all that was doing, and more interested in the needlework than those who worked at it. Poor little gentleman! Sir Gus did not even care for the news-

papers; he looked at the little paragraphs of general interest, but turned with a grimace from the long reports of the debates. "What good does all that do me?" he said, when Lady Markham, who was somewhat horrified by his indifference, endeavored to rouse him to a sense of his duties.

"But it concerns the country," she would say, "and few people have a greater stake in the country."

"That is how Paul would have felt," said Sir Gus; "he would have read all these speeches; he would have understood everything that is said. It would have mattered to him —"

"Indeed it matters to us all," said Lady Markham, with grave dignity. Of all people in the world to listen while a Parliamentary debate is talked of with contempt, the wife of a man who was once a Cabinet minister is the last — and all the more if her husband held but a secondary place. She was half offended and half shocked; but Sir Gus could not see the error of his ways. He got all the picture-papers, which he enjoyed along with Bell and Marie, and sent to the boys after, when they were at school. He cared nothing about the game, except to eat it when it was set before him. From morning to chilly eve he would sit by that fire, and note everything that had happened. Not a letter arrived but he was there to see how it was received, and what was in it. Lady Markham declared that had she heard anywhere else, or read in a book of a man who was always in the drawing-room, who had no duties of his own, and who sat and watched everything, the situation would have seemed intolerable. But it was not so intolerable in reality. They got used, at last, to the big bamboo chair and its inhabitant; they got used to his comments. There was no harm in Mr. Gus; but life was hard upon him. Everybody else was doing something — even the little girls in the schoolroom were learning their lessons — but he, burying himself in the cushions of his chair, showing nothing out of it but two little brown hands, twirling a paper-knife, or a pencil, or anything else he had got hold of, had nothing to do. Sometimes he would get up and walk to the window. When it was fine it would give him much pleasure to watch the birds collecting about the bread-crumbs, which he insisted on scattering everywhere.

"There is a lazy one, like me," he would say; and a little pert robin red-

breast, a sort of little almoner, who came and superintended the giving away of these charities, gave Sir Gus the greatest amusement. But the people who came to call were not equally amusing. When a man came, he expected Sir Gus to take an interest in the debates, or in the places where the hounds met, and stared, when he knew that Gus, like Gallio, cared for none of these things. And he was not even interested in the parish. When Dolly Stainforth brought up a report of some village catastrophe, Sir Gus was not the one who expended with the greatest liberality. He was not used to have very much money to spare, and he was careful of it. It was not that he loved money, but he had not the habit of spending it lavishly, as we foolish people have. Sometimes he would drive out in a close carriage, to the great contempt of everybody concerned.

"The new master, he *be* a muff," the people in the porter's lodge said. Even from that mild exercise, however, he was glad to come in shivering, and call Brown to put on a great many more coals in the fire. The house was full of schemes for warming it more effectually. Hot water, hot air — all kinds of expedients; and never had so much fuel been used in Markham.

"He will ruin my lady in coals," Brown said; but Sir Gus did not take this into consideration. It was about the greatest pleasure he had in the good fortune which was to make him so happy.

In February there came, as there sometimes comes, a spell of bright weather — a few soft, spring-like days — and the poor little gentleman from the tropics brightened along with the crocuses.

"It is over at last," he said, in beatific self-delusion; and he was persuaded to pay a visit to town when Parliament was on the point of meeting, and the general tuning up for the great concert of the season had begun to begin. Here Sir Gus was confided to the charge of Fairfax, who took him into his own house, and roasted him over huge fires, and made little dinners for him, collecting other tropical persons to meet him. But very soon Sir Gus found out that it was not over. He found out that not to be interested in the debates, nor in society, nor in books and pictures, and, above all, not to "know people," were sad drawbacks to life in London. He sat dumb while his companion talked of meeting So-and-so at Lord What-d'ye-call-em's, and of the

too-well-known intimacy — "Don't you know?" — between Sir Robert and Lady Ivan. He stared at the talkers, the poor little foreigner! and tired even of Fairfax's big fires. The skies that hang so low over the London streets, the rain and muddy ways, or the east wind that parched them into whiteness, made his very soul shrink. That was not at all a successful experiment. He went back on Lady Markham's hands in March, having encoined himself now in a coat lined with sables, which buried him still more completely than the big chair.

"England is a very fine place," he said, with his teeth chattering, as he came in out of a boisterous March wind, which carried upon it bushels of that dust that is worth a king's ransom. "It is a very fine place, but — only I don't seem to agree with it."

But that summer must certainly come some time — and spring was certainly come at this period, though Gus did not recognize that pleasant season in its English garb — they must all have given in altogether. But when the primroses appeared in the woods Sir Gus began to get back a little of his courage. Fortunately the summer opened brightly, promising to be as warm and genial as the winter had been severe; and by degrees the little gentleman let his fires go down, and left off his furs. Who can doubt that the winter had been very long at Markham for the whole household? They were living alone in their mourning, and Paul, though only in London, was separated from them, and in a state of great uncertainty and doubtful comfort. And other visitors were banished too. But when the spring came back, the household awoke, and broke the bonds of gloom. Even Lady Markham began to smile naturally upon her children — not with the smile of duty put on for their advantage, but with a little natural rising of the clouds. And Alice brightened insensibly, knowing that "they" were to come for Easter; that is, Paul and "one of his friends." Nothing had been said to Alice upon any subject that was likely to agitate her prematurely, but it was pleasant to look forward to that visit from Paul and his friend — from which fact it may be divined that Lady Markham had not been unfavorably moved by the last item in Fairfax's confession.

Thus summer came again, communicating brightness; and Sir Gus began to live again, and to believe that it might be possible to put up with England after all.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THAT summer was as bright as the winter had been cold. The hot weather came on in May, and the country about Markham brightened into a perfect paradise of foliage and blossom. Sir Gus came to life; he began to show himself in the country, to move about, to accept the invitations which were given to him. And it cannot be denied that his thoughts and plans began to be much modified after he had made acquaintance with the county, and began to feel that people were inclined to pay him a great deal of attention. He had wanted nothing better at first than to be received as a member of Lady Markham's family, to adopt, as it were, his brothers and sisters, and to make them as little conscious as possible of the change he had brought into their life. He had promised that he would never marry, nor do anything to spoil Paul's prospects further. But before the summer was over his views in this respect had sensibly modified. He began to think that perhaps the length and dreariness of the winter had been partly owing to the fact that Lady Markham and her children were less satisfactory than a wife and children of his own. Why should he (after all) sacrifice himself to serve Paul? He was not old, whatever those arrogant young people might think; and probably it was in this way that happiness might come to him. Paul would no doubt get on very well in society; he would marry well, and he would have a good share of his mother's money; there really seemed no reason why his elder brother should sacrifice himself on Paul's account. And gradually there dawned upon him an idea that before winter came on again he might have some one belonging to him who should be his very own.

Gus dined out very solemnly by himself, making acquaintance with his neighbors during the Easter recess, and when the great people of the neighborhood came back to the country after the season, and did not scorn the tables of the less great who remained in the country all the year round. He was not exclusive. The less great houses were still great enough for Gus. He liked to go to the rectory, where Mr. Stainforth, who was a politic old man, often invited him; and indeed, Sir Augustus, who everybody said was so exceedingly simple and unpretentious, became quite popular in the district where at first everybody had been against him as an intruder. Though it was no less hard

upon Paul, the new heir had himself been pardoned in the county because of his adoption of the family and his kindness and genuine humility. There could not be any harm in him, people said, when he was so good to the children, and had so persistently sought the friendship of his stepmother, and endeavored to make everything pleasant for her.

Then it became very evident that Sir Gus, though not so young as he once was, was still marriageable and likely to marry, which naturally still further increased his popularity; and as, instead of attempting any stratagems of self-defence, he was but too eager to put himself into the society of young ladies, and showed unequivocal signs of regarding them with the eye of a purchaser, it was natural that the elder ladies should accept this challenge, and on their parts do what they could to make him acquainted with the stores the county possessed. Women do not give themselves to this business of settling marriages in England with the candor and honesty that prevail in other countries. The work is stealthy and unacknowledged, but it is too natural and too just not to be done with more or less vigor; and the county was not less active than other counties. "Poor Paul!" some people said, who had at first received the new baronet as a merely temporary holder of the title and estates — one who, according to a legend dear to the popular mind, had bound himself not to do anything towards the introduction of an heir; but by-and-by they said, "Poor Sir Gus!" and could see no reason in the world why he should sacrifice himself. This was a little after the time when he had himself come to the same conclusion.

When all the families began to return in the end of July, he was asked everywhere. Mourning for a man is not a very rigid bond, and it was now nearly a year since Sir William died, so that there was nothing to restrain him; indeed there were some who said that Lady Markham was too punctilious in keeping Alice at home, never letting her be seen anywhere — a girl who really *ought* to marry, now that the family were in so changed a position. Sir Gus went a great deal to Westland Towers, where there had never been so many parties before. Garden parties, archery meetings, competitions at lawn-tennis, to which the entire county was convoked; and at all these parties there was no more favored guest than Gus. This was a great change, and pleased him much. At "home" he was not much

more than put up with. They had come to like him, and they had always been very kind to him; but he had been an intruder, and he had banished the son of the house, and it was not to be supposed that mortal forbearance should go so far as to admire and honor him as the chief person in the household, even though he was its nominal head. When he went elsewhere Gus was made more of than at Markham, and at the Towers he felt the full force of his own position. His sayings were listened for, his jokes were laughed at, and he himself was followed by judicious flattery. All his little eccentricities were allowed and approved, his light clothes extolled as the very most convenient garments in the world, and his distaste for sport and the winter amusements of country life sanctioned and approved.

"How men of refined habits can do it has always been a mystery to me," said Lady Westland.

"You forget, mamma, that a taste for bloodshed is one of the most refined tastes in the world," said Ada, who was fond of hunting herself when she had a chance, and never was better pleased than when she could hunt with a shooting party at the cover-side. Ada made a grimace behind Gus's back, and said, "Little monster!" to the other young ladies.

"Ah, poor Paul! We used to see so much of him," she said, "when he was the man, poor fellow, and no one had ever heard of this little creole. But parents are nothing if not prudent," Miss Westland added; "and now the tropics are in the ascendant, and poor Paul is nowhere. What can one do?" she said, with a shrug of her shoulders up to her ears.

Dolly Stainforth, who was of the party, but not old enough or important enough to say anything, grew pale with righteous indignation. She was very well aware that Paul had never "seen much" of the family at Westland Towers, but that they should ever pretend to hold him at arm's length stung her to the heart. This took place at a garden party, and the explanation about Paul had been made in the midst of a great many people of the neighborhood, who had all been very sorry for Paul in their day, yet were all beginning now to turn towards the new-risen sun. Dolly had turned her back upon them, and gone off by herself in bitterly suppressed indignation, sore and wounded, though not for her own sake, when she encountered Sir Gus, who had spied her in a turning of the shrubbery.

George Westland had spied her too, but had been stopped by his mother on his way to her, and might be seen in the distance standing gloomily on the outskirts of a group of notables, with whom he was supposed to be ingratiating himself, gazing towards the *bosquet* in which the object of his affections had disappeared.

"What is the matter, Miss Dolly?" Sir Gus had said.

"Oh, nothing. I was not crying," Dolly said, with a sob. "I am too indignant to cry. It is the horridness of people," she cried with an outburst of wrath and grief. Sir Gus was distressed. He did not like to see any one cry, much less this dainty little creature, who was almost his first acquaintance in the place.

"Don't," he said, touching her shoulder lightly with his brown hand. "Whatever it is it cannot be worth crying about. None of them can do any harm to you."

"Harm to me! I wish they could," said Dolly; "that would not matter much. But don't believe them, don't you believe them. A little while ago they were all for Paul — nobody was so nice as Paul — and now it is all you, and Paul, they say, is nowhere. Do you think it is like a lady to say that poor Paul is 'nowhere,' only because he has lost his property, and you have got it?" cried Dolly, turning with fury, which it was difficult to restrain, upon the poor little baronet. He changed color, though of course he knew that it was his position, and not any special gifts of his own, which recommended him, yet he did not like this thought.

"That is not my fault, Miss Dolly," he said. "You should not be unjust. Though it is your favorite who has been the loser, you ought not to be unjust, for I have nothing more than what is my right."

"Oh, Sir Augustus," said Dolly, alarmed by her own vehemence, "it was not you I meant. You have always been kind. It was those horrid people who think of nothing but who has the money. And then, you know," she said, turning her tearful eyes upon him, "I have known them all my life — and I can't bear to hear them speak so of Paul."

"And you can't bear me, I suppose, for putting this Paul of yours out of his place?" Gus said.

"No, indeed I don't blame you. A woman might have given it up, but it is not your fault if you are different from a woman — all men are," said Dolly, shak-

ing her head. "When one knows as much about the village as I do, one soon finds out that."

"I suppose you think the women are better than the men," said Sir Gus, shaking his head, too.

"I am for my own side," said Dolly promptly, her tears drying up in the impulse of war; "but I did not mean that," she added, "only different. Men and women are not good — or nasty — in the same way. I don't suppose — you — could have done anything but what you did."

"I don't think I could," said Sir Gus, briefly.

"But the people here," said Dolly, "oh, the people here!" She stamped her foot upon the ground in her impatience and indignation; but when he would have pursued the subject, Dolly became prudent, and stopped short. She would say nothing more, except another appeal to heaven and earth against "the horridness of people." This, however, gave Sir Gus a great deal to think of. Dolly did not in the least know what he had in his mind. She was not aware that the little man was going about among all the pretty groups of the garden party in the conscious exercise of choice, noting all the ladies, selecting the one that pleased him. Two or three had pleased him more or less — but one most of all — which was what Dolly Stainforth never suspected. Sir Gus walked about with the air of a man occupied with important business. He had no time to pay any attention to the progress of the games that were going on; his own affairs engrossed him altogether. Sometimes he selected one lady from a number on pretence of showing her something, or of watching a game, or hearing the band play a particular air, and carried her off with him to the suggested object, talking fervently with her. He did not pay much court to the mothers and chaperons, but went boldly to the fountain-head. And some of the pretty young women to whom he talked so gravely did not quite know what to make of the little baronet. They laughed among themselves, and asked each other, "Did he ask you whether you liked town better or country? and if you would not like to take a voyage to the tropics?" Dolly on being asked this question quite early in their acquaintance, had answered frankly, "Not at all," and had further explained that life out of the parish was incomprehensible to her. "I could not leave my poor people for months

and months, with nobody but papa to look after them," Dolly had said.

It was only after he had enjoyed about half-a-dozen interviews of this kind, amusing the greater part of his temporary companions, but fluttering the bosoms of one or two who were quick-witted enough to see the handkerchief trembling in the little sultan's hand, that Sir Gus allowed himself to be carried off in his turn by Ada Westland, who came up to him in her bold way, neglecting all decorum.

"Come with me, Sir Augustus," she said, "I have got a view to show you," and she led him to where, among the trees, there was a glimpse of the beautiful, rich country, undulating, all wooded and rich with cornfields, to where Markham Chase, with all its oaks and beeches, shut in the horizon line. There was a glimpse of the house to be had in the distance, peeping from the foliage, and more in the centre of the scene, the red roofs of the village and the slope of the rectory garden in the sunshine. "I used to be brought here often to have my duty taught me," said Ada. "Mamma made quite a point of it every day when we first came here."

"I am glad your duty makes you look at my house, Miss Westland," said Sir Gus, making her a bow.

"Oh, I don't mean now," said the outspoken young woman. "That is quite a different matter. I was quite young then, you know, and so was Paul, and my mother trained me up in the way a girl should go. We are new people, you know; we have not much distinction in the way of family. What mamma intended to do with me was to make me marry Paul."

Once more Sir Augustus bowed his head quite gravely. He did not laugh at the bold announcement, as she meant he should. "Was your heart in it?" he said.

"My heart? Do you think I have got one? I don't know—I don't think it was, Sir Augustus. 'Look at all that sweep of country,' mamma used to say; 'that may all be yours if you play your cards well—and a family going back to the Conqueror.' There have only been two generations of us," said Ada. "You may think how grand it would have felt to know that there was a Crusader's monument in the family. In some moods of my mind, especially when I have been very much sat upon by the blue-blooded people, I don't think I should have minded marrying the Crusader himself."

"I can understand the feeling," said

Gus. He was perfectly grave, his muscles did not relax a hair's-breadth. He stood and looked upon the woods that were his own, and the house which he called home. It looked a little chilly to him, even in the midst of the sunshine. The sky was pale with heat, and all the colors of the country subdued in powerful afternoon light, the trees hanging together like terrestrial clouds, the stubble-fields grey where the corn had been already cut, and the roads white with dust. Nor did it occur to him as he stood and gazed at Markham that it would make him happy to live there with his present companion by his side. "Beauty is deceitful, and favor is vain." She was one of the most pretty persons present. She was full of wit and cleverness, and had far more sense and knowledge than half of her party put together. But the heart of the little baronet was not gained by those qualities. He stood quite unmoved by Ada's side. She might have married the Crusader for anything Sir Augustus cared. Ada waited a little to see if no better reply would come, and then she made another *coup*.

"Pity us for an unfortunate family, foiled on every side," she said. "Paul, you know, has ceased to be a *parti* altogether. Anybody may marry him who pleases,"—and to a district in which men do not abound this was a great grievance—"but I don't blame you for that, Sir Augustus, though some do. Look here, though," she said, suddenly turning round, "look at the door of the conservatory. There are mamma's hopes tumbling down in another direction. I don't feel the disappointment so much in my own case, but about George, I do really pity mamma. She can't marry me to the next property, as she intended; and just look at George, making a fool of himself with the parson's daughter. Now, Sir Augustus, don't you feel sorry for mamma?"

"Miss Stainforth is a very charming young lady," said Sir Gus, still as grave as ever, "but I thought that she—" Here he stopped in some confusion, having nearly committed himself, he felt.

"I know what you were going to say," said Ada, with a laugh. "You think she had a fancy for Paul too. She might just as well have had a fancy for the moon. The Markhams would never have permitted that—and as for Paul himself, he thought no more of Dolly—Fancy, Dolly! but my brother does. It is a pity, a great pity, don't you think, that brothers and sisters can't change places

sometimes? George would have made a much better young lady than I do. I am much too outspoken and candid for a girl, but I should never have fallen in love with Dolly Stainforth. If mamma could change us now, it would be some consolation to her still."

"Miss Stainforth is a very charming young lady," Sir Gus said again.

"A—ah!" said Ada, with a malicious laugh, "you admire Dolly too, Sir Augustus? I beg a thousand pardons. I ought to have been more cautious. But I never thought that a man who had seen the world, a man of judgment, a person with experience and discrimination——"

"You think too favorably of me," said Sir Gus. "It is true I have come over a great part of the world; but I don't know that that of itself gives one much experience. You think too favorably of me."

"That is a fault," said Ada, "which most men pardon very easily," and she looked at him in a way that was flattering. Gus felt, but a little alarming, too.

This conversation, too, had its effect upon him. He felt that there was no time to lose in making up his mind. If he was to secure for himself a companion before the winter came on, it would be well not to lose any time. And Miss Westland was very flattering and agreeable; she seemed to have a very high opinion of him. Gus did not feel that she was the woman he would like to marry; but if by any chance it might happen that she was a woman who would like to marry him, he did not feel that it would be very easy to resist. That such a woman might possibly wish to marry him was of itself very flattering. Still, on the whole, Gus felt that he would prefer to choose rather than to be chosen. And with a shrewd sense of the difficulties of his position, he decided that to have another young lady betrothed to him would be by far his best safeguard against Ada. She would stand up for him; the mere fact that he belonged to her would be an effectual defence. And as it happened, fortune favored him. Mr. Booth, who had come with Dolly in her little carriage to the Towers, wanted to get back early, and as the evening was so fine, Dolly declared that there was nothing she would like so much as to walk. There would certainly be various people going her way. Then Sir Gus stepped forward and said he would certainly be going her way, and would walk with her to the rectory gate. Dolly smiled upon him so gratefully when he said this that his heart

stirred in Gus's bosom. She kept near him all the rest of the time, coming up to him now and then to see if he was ready, if he wished to go, with much filial attention, but Gus did not think of it in that light. Nor did he think that it was by way of getting rid of George Westland that she devoted herself to him. This is not an idea which naturally suggests itself to a man who has never had any reason to think badly of himself. Gus had always, on the contrary, entertained a very good opinion of himself; he had known that, on the whole, he deserved that mankind in general should entertain a good opinion of him, and there was nothing at all out of the way, or even unexpected in the fact that Dolly should be pleased by his care of her, and attracted towards himself. It was a thing which was very natural and delightful, and pleased him greatly. When the company began to disperse, he was quite ready to obey Dolly's indication of a wish to go, and to take leave of Lady Westland when her son was out of the way, according to the girl's desire. They set out upon the dusty road together in the grateful cool of the summer evening, carriage after carriage rolling past them, with many nods and wreathed smiles from the occupants, and no doubt many remarks also upon Dolly's cavalier. But the pair themselves took it very tranquilly. They went slowly along, lingering on the grassy margin of the road to escape the dust, and enjoying the coolness and the quiet.

"How sweet it is," Dolly said, "after the heat of the day!"

"You call that hot, Miss Dolly?" said Gus. "We should not call it hot where I come from."

"Well, I am glad I have nothing to do with the tropics," Dolly said. "I like the cool evening better than the day. One can move now—one can walk; but I suppose you never can do anything there in the heat of the day?"

"I am sorry you don't like the tropics," he said. "I think you would, though, if you had ever been there. It is more natural than England. Yes, you laugh, but I know what I mean. I should like to show you the bright-colored flowers, and the birds, and all the things so full of color—there's no color here. I tell Bell and Marie so, and they tell me it is I that can't see. And then the winter——" Gus shuddered as he spoke.

"But you ought to have gone out more," said Dolly, "and taken exercise; that makes the blood run in your veins. Oh,

I like the winter! We have not had any skating here for years. It has been so mild. I like a good sharp frost, and no wind, and a real frosty sun, and the air bracing. You don't know how delightful it is."

"No, indeed," said Gus, with a shudder. "But, perhaps," he added, "if one had a bright little companion like you, one might be tempted to run about more. Bell and Marie are delightful children, but they are a little too young, you know."

"But Alice——" said Dolly, with a little anxiety.

"Alice never has quite forgiven me, I fear; and then she has her mother to think of; and they always tell me she cannot do this or that for her mourning. It is very right to wear mourning, I don't doubt," said Gus, "but never to be able to go out, or meet your fellow-creatures——"

"That would be *impossible!*" said Dolly, with decision. "It is not a year yet. You did not know poor Sir William. But next winter it will be different, and we must all try to do our best—for Lady Markham," she was going to say—but he interrupted her.

"That will be very kind, Miss Dolly. I think you could do a great deal without trying very much. I always feel more cheerful in your company. Do you remember the first time we ever were in each other's company, in the railway?"

"Oh, yes," cried Dolly. She was very incautious. "I thought you were such a——" She did not *say* queer little man, but felt as if she had said it, so near was it to her lips; and blushed, which pleased Gus greatly, and made him imagine a much more flattering conclusion. "You asked me a great deal about poor Paul," she said, "and then we met them coming home; and Sir William, oh! how ill he looked—as if he would die!"

"You remember that day," said Gus, much delighted, "and so do I. You told me a great deal about my family. It was strange to talk about my family as if I had been a stranger, and to hear so much about them."

"I thought you were a stranger, Sir Augustus."

"Yes, and you wished I had been one when you found out who I really was. Oh, I don't blame you, Miss Dolly—it was very natural; but I hope now, my dear," he said, with a tone that was quite fatherly, though he did not intend it to be so, "that you are not so sorry, but rather

glad on the whole to know Gus Markham, who is not so bad as you thought."

Dolly was surprised to be called "my dear," but at his age was it not quite natural?

"Oh," she said, faltering, "I never thought you were bad, Sir Augustus; you have always been very kind, I know."

But she could not say she was glad of his existence, which had done so much harm to—other people; even though in her heart she had a liking for Sir Gus, the queerest little man that ever was!

"I have tried to be," he said; "and I think they all feel I have done my best to show myself a real friend; but there comes a time when one wants something more than a friend, and, Dolly, I think that time has come now."

Well! it was a little odd, but she did not at all mind being called Dolly by Sir Gus. She looked at him with a little surprise, doubtful what he could mean. They were by this time quite near the village and the rectory gate.

"I think," he said, "that if I don't get married, my dear, I shall never be able to stand another winter at Markham. It nearly killed me last year."

"Married!" she cried, her voice going off in a high quaver of surprise and consternation. If her father had intimated a similar intention she could scarcely have been more astonished. This was what everybody had consoled themselves by thinking such a man was never likely to do.

"Yes, married," he said. "Don't you think you know, Dolly, a dear little girl that would marry me, though I am not so young nor so handsome as Paul? You see it is not Paul now, it is me; and though he was handsomer and taller, I don't think he was nearly so good-tempered as I am, my dear. I give very little trouble, and I should always be willing to do what my wife wanted to do—or at least almost always, Dolly—and you would not get that with many other men. Haven't you ever thought of it before? Oh, I have, often. I went through all the others to-day, just to give myself a last chance, to see if, at the last moment, there was any one I liked better; but there was none so nice as you. You see I have not done it without thought. Now, my pretty Dolly, my little dear, just say you will marry me before the winter, and to-morrow we can settle all the rest."

He had taken her hand as they stood together at the gate. Dolly's amazement

knew no bounds. She was so bewildered that she could only stand and gaze at him with open mouth.

"Do you mean me?" she cried at last—"me?" with mingled horror and surprise. "I don't know what you mean!" she said.

"Yes, my dear, I mean you. I tell you I looked again at all the rest, and there was not one so nice. Of course I mean you, Dolly. I have always been fond of you from the first. I will make you a good husband, dear, and you will make me a sweet little wife."

"Oh, no, no, no!" Dolly cried. The world, and the sky, and the trees, and the coming dark seemed to be going round with her. She caught at the gate to support herself. "No, no, no! It is all a dreadful mistake."

"It cannot be a mistake. I know very well what I am doing, Dolly."

"But oh dear! oh dear! Sir Augustus, let me speak. Do you think I know what I am doing? No, no, no, *no*! You must be going out of your senses to ask me."

"Why? because you are so young and so little? But that is just what I like. You are the prettiest of all the girls. You are a dear, sweet, good little thing that will never disappoint me. No, no, it is no mistake."

To see him standing there beaming and smiling through the dusk was a terrible business for Dolly.

"It *is* a mistake. I cannot, cannot do it—indeed I cannot. I will not marry you—never! I don't want to marry anybody," she said, beginning to weep in her excitement.

Now and then a villager would lumber by, and, seeing the couple at the porch, grin to himself and think that Miss Dolly was just the same as the other lasses. It was a pity the gentleman was so little, was all they said.

CHAPTER XLIV.

AT last the year of the mourning was over. The Lennys, the good colonel and his wife, had come to Markham a few days before, and he was a great godsend to the boys, who were vaguely impressed by the anniversary, but could not but feel the grief a little tedious which had lasted a whole year. They were very glad to go out quite early in the morning with the colonel, not at all as it were for their own pleasure, but because his visit was to be short, and the keeper was in despair about the birds which no one shot, and

which Sir Augustus was so utterly indifferent about.

"He wouldn't mind a bit if the place was given up to the poachers," Harry said. "He says, 'What's the good of the game—can't we buy all we want?'"

I think he is cracked on that point."

"I don't mind Gus at all in some things," said Roland. "He's not half a bad fellow in some things, but he's an awful muff—no one can deny that."

"He has not been brought up as you have been," the colonel said.

While they stole out in the early morning, the old man and the boys, all keen with anticipated pleasure, Gus felt already the first *frisson* of approaching winter in the sunny haze of September, and had coverings heaped upon him, and dressed by the fire when he got up two hours after. Poor Sir Gus was not at all cheerful. Dolly's refusal had not indeed broken his heart, but it had disappointed him very much, and he did not know what he was to do to make life tolerable now that this expedient had failed. The anniversary oppressed him more or less, not with grief, but with a sense that, after all, the huge change and advancement that had come to him with his father's death had not perhaps brought all he expected it to bring. To be Sir Augustus, and have a fine property and more money than he knew how to spend, and a grand position, had not increased his happiness. On the contrary, it seemed to him that the first day he had come to Markham, when the children had given him luncheon and showed so much curiosity about him as a relation, had been happier than any he had known since. He too had been full of lively curiosity and expectation, and had believed himself on the verge of a very happy change in his life. But he did not anticipate the death or the trouble to others which were the melancholy gates by which he had to enter upon his higher life. When he had dressed, he sat over the fire thinking of it on that bright September morning. He was half angry because he could not get rid of the feeling of the anniversary. After all, there was nothing more sad in the fifteenth of September than in any other day. But Lady Markham, no doubt, would shut herself up, and Alice look at him as if, somehow or other, he was the cause of it; and they would speak in subdued tones, and it would be a kind of sin to do or say anything amusing. Gus could not but feel a little irritation thinking of the long day before him, and then

of the long winter that was coming. And all the prophets said it was to be a hard winter. The holly-trees in the park, where they grew very tall, were already crimson with berries. Already one or two nights' frost had made the geraniums droop. A hard winter! The last had been said to be a mild one. If this was worse than that, Sir Gus did not know what he should do.

The day, however, passed over more easily than he thought. His aunt, Mrs. Lenny, was a godsend to him as the colonel was to the boys. She made him talk of nothing but "the island" all the day long. It was long since she had been there. She wanted to know about everybody, the old negroes, the governor's parties, the regiments that had been there. On her own part she had a hundred stories to tell of her own youth, which looked all the brighter for being so far in the distance. They took a drive together in the middle of the day, basking in the sunshine, and as the evening came on they had a roaring fire, and felt themselves in the tropics.

"Shouldn't you like to go back?" Mrs. Lenny said. "If I were as rich as you, Gus, I'd have my estate there, like in the old days, and there I'd spend my winters. With all the money you've got, what would it matter whether it paid or not? You could afford to keep everything up as in the old days."

"But there's the sea. I would do it in a moment," Gus said, his brown face lighting up, "but for the sea."

"You would soon get used to the sea—it's nothing. You would get over it in a day, and then it's beautiful. Take me with you one time, Gus, there's a darling. I'd like to see it all again before I die."

"I'll think of it," Gus said, and indeed for the next twenty-four hours he thought of nothing else.

Would it be possible? Some people went to Italy for the winter, why not to Barbadoes? No doubt it was a longer voyage; but then what a different life, what a smoothed and warmed existence, without all this English cold and exercise! He thought of it, neither more nor less, all the next night and all the next day.

And no doubt it was a relief to the house in general when the anniversary was over. A vague lightening, no one could tell exactly what, was in the atmosphere. They had spared no honor to the dead, and now it was the turn of the living. To see Bell and Marie in white frocks was an exhilaration to the house.

And it cannot be said that any one was surprised when quite quietly, without any warning, Fairfax walked into the hall where the children were all assembled next day. He had paid them various flying visits with Paul during the past year, coming for a day or two at Easter, for a little while in the summer. But there was something different, they all thought, about him now. From the moment when Lady Markham had been informed of that one little detail of his circumstances mentioned in a previous chapter, the young man had taken a different aspect instinctively in her eyes. He had no longer seemed the careless young fellow of no great account one way or another, very "nice," very simple and humble-minded, the most good-humored of companions and serviceable of friends, which was how he appeared to all the rest. Mr. Brown had judged justly from the first. The simplicity of the young millionaire had not taken in his experienced faculties. He had always been respectful, obsequious, devoted, long before any one else suspected the truth. How it was, however, that Lady Markham—who was very different from Brown, who considered herself above the vulgar argument of wealth, one to whom the mystic superiority of blood was always discernible, and a rich *roturier* rather less agreeable than a poor one—how it was that she looked upon this easy, careless, light-hearted young man, who was ready to make himself the servant of everybody, and who made his way through life like an obscure and trusted but careless spectator, rather than an agent of any personal importance, with altogether different eyes after the secret of his wealth had been communicated to her, is what we do not pretend to explain. She said to herself that it did not, could not, make any difference; but she knew all the same that it made an immense difference. Had he been poor as well as nobody, she would have fought with all her powers against all and every persuasion which might have been brought to bear upon her. She would have accorded him her daughter only as it were at the sword's point, if it had been a matter of life and death to Alice. But when she knew of Fairfax's wealth, Lady Markham's opposition gradually and instinctively died away. She said it was the same as ever; but while she said so, felt the antagonism and the dislike fading out of her mind. Why, she did not know. His wealth was something external to himself, made no difference in him; but

somehow it made all the difference. Lady Markham from that moment gave up the struggle. She made up her mind to him as her son. She never thought more about his grandfather. Was this worldly-mindedness, love of money on her part? It was impossible to think so, and yet what was it? She did not herself understand, and who else could do?

But nobody else had been aware of this charm in the standard by which Fairfax was judged, and everybody had treated him easily, carelessly, as before. Only when he appeared to-day the family generally were conscious of a difference. He was more serious, even anxious; he had not an ear for every piece of nonsense as before, but was grave and preoccupied, not hearing what was said to him. Mrs. Lenny thought she knew exactly what was the matter. He attracted her special sympathies.

"Poor young fellow," she said, "he's come courting, and he might just as well court the fairies at the bottom of the sea. My Lady Markham's not the woman I take her for if she'll ever give her pretty daughter to the likes of him."

"He wants to marry Alice, do you think?" said Gus. "I wonder if she'll have nothing to say to him either."

He was thinking of Dolly, but Mrs. Lenny understood that it was of Lady Markham's opposition he thought.

"I would not answer for the girl herself," Mrs. Lenny said; "but Gus, my dear, you have done harm enough in this house. Here's a case in which you might be of use. You have neither chick nor child. Why shouldn't you settle something on your pretty young sister, and let her marry the man she likes?"

"No, I have neither chick nor child," Gus said.

It was not a speech that pleased him, and yet it was very true. He pondered this question with a continually increasing depression in his mind all day. He could not get what he wanted himself, but he might help Fairfax to get it, and make up to him for the imperfections of fortune. Perhaps he might even be asked, for anything he could tell, to serve Paul in the same way. This made the little baronet sad, and even a little irritated. Was this all he had been made a great man for, an English land proprietor, in order that he should use his money to get happiness for other people, none for himself?

In the mean time Fairfax had followed Alice to the west room, her mother's fa-

vorite place, but Lady Markham was not there.

"I will tell mamma. I am sure she will be glad to see you," Alice said.

"Just one moment — only wait one moment," Fairfax said, detaining her with his hand raised in appeal.

But when she stopped at his entreaty he did not say anything. What answer could she make him? She was standing waiting with a little wonder and much embarrassment. And he said nothing. At last —

"Paul is very well," he said.

"I am very glad. We heard from him yesterday."

Then there was another pause.

"Miss Markham," said Fairfax, "I told your mother myself of *that*, you know, and a great deal more. She was not so — angry as I feared."

"Angry!" Alice laughed a little, but very nervously. "How could she be angry? It was not anything that could —"

What had she been going to say? Something cruel, something that she did not mean.

"Nothing that could — matter to you? I was afraid not," said Fairfax; "that is what I have been fearing you would say."

"Of course it does not matter to us," said Alice, "how should it? Why should it matter to any one? We are not such poor creatures, Mr. Fairfax. You think you — like us, but you have a very low opinion of us after all."

"No, I don't think I like you. I think something very different. You know what I think," he said. "It all depends upon what you will say. I have waited till yesterday was over and would not say a word; but now the world has begun again. How is it to begin for me? It has not been good for very much in the past; but there might be new heavens and a new earth if — Alice!" he cried, coming close to her, his face full of emotion, his hands held out.

"Mr. Fairfax!" she cried, drawing back a step. "There is mamma to think of. I cannot go against her. I must do what she says."

"Just one word, whatever comes of it, to myself — from you to me — from you to me! And after," he said, breathless, "she shall decide."

Alice did not say any word. Perhaps she had not time for it — perhaps it was not needed. But just then the curtains that half veiled the west room were drawn aside with a fretful motion.

"If it is you who are there, Alice and

Fairfax," said Gus, and in his voice, too, there was a fretful tone, "I just want to say one word. I'll make it all right for you. You need not be afraid of mamma. I'll make it all right with her. There! that was all I wanted to say."

When Sir Gus had delivered himself of this little speech he went off again very hastily to the hall, not meaning to disturb any tender scene. The idea had struck him all at once, and he carried it out without giving himself time to think. It did him a little good; but yet he was cross, not like himself, Bell and Marie thought. There was a fire in the hall, too, which the children, coming in hot and flushed from their games, had found great fault with.

"You will roast us all up; you will make us thin and brown like yourself," said Bell, who was always saucy.

"Am I so thin and so brown?" the poor little gentleman had said. "Yes, I suppose so, not like you, white and red."

"Oh, Bell, how could you talk so, to hurt his feelings?" said little Marie, as they stood by the open door and watched him, standing sunning himself in the warmth.

His brown face looked very discontented, sad, yet soft, with some feeling that was not anger. The little girls began to draw near. For one thing the autumn air was cool in the afternoon, and their white frocks were not so thick as their black ones. They began to see a little reason in the fire. Then Bell, always the foremost, sprang suddenly forward, and clasped his arm in both hers.

"He is quite right to have a fire," she said. "And I hate you for being cross about it, Marie. He is the kindest old brother that ever was. I don't mind being roasted, or anything else Gus pleases."

"Oh, Gus, you know it wasn't me!" cried Marie, clinging to the other arm.

His face softened as he looked from one to another.

"It wasn't either of you," he said. "I was cross, too. It is the cold—it is the winter that is coming. One can't help it."

It was not winter that was coming, but still there was a chill little breeze playing about, and the afternoon was beginning to cloud over. Lady Markham, coming down-stairs, was struck by the group in the full light of the fire, which threw a ruddy gleam into the clouded daylight. Something touched her in it. She paused and stood beside them, looking at him kindly.

"You must not let them bother you. You are too kind to them," she said.

Just then the post-bag came in, and Mrs. Lenny along with it, eager, as people who never have any letters to speak of always are, about the post. They all gathered about while the bag was opened and the letters distributed. All that Mrs. Lenny received was a newspaper—a queer little tropical broadsheet, which was of more importance, as it turned out, than all the letters which the others were reading. She put herself by the side of the fire to look over it, while Lady Markham in the window opened hers, and Gus took the stamps off a foreign letter he had received to give them to Bell and Marie. The little girls were in all the fervor of stamp-collecting. They had a book full of the choicest specimens, and this was just the kind of taste in which Sir Gus could sympathize. He was dividing the stamps between them equally, bending his little brown head to the level of Marie, for Bell was now quite as tall as her brother. Their little chatter was restrained, for the sake of mamma and Colonel Lenny, who were both reading letters, into a soft hum of accompaniment, which somehow harmonized with the ruddy glow of the fire behind them, warming the dull air of the afternoon.

"That will make the German ones complete," Bell was saying. And, "Oh, if I had only a Greek, like Bell, I should be happy!" cried Marie; while the little rustle of the newspaper in Mrs. Lenny's hand was almost as loud as their subdued voices. All at once, into the midst of this quiet, there came a cry, a laughing, a weeping, and Mrs. Lenny, jumping up, throwing down the chair she had been sitting on, rushed at Sir Gus, thrusting the paper before him, and grasping his arm with all her force.

"Oh, Gus, Gus, Gus!" she cried, "oh, colonel, look here! Gavestonville estate's in the market. The old house is going to be sold again. Oh, colonel, why haven't we got any money to buy it, you and me!"

"Give it here," said Sir Gus.

He held it over Marie's head, who stood shadowed by it as under a tent, gazing up at him and holding her stamp in her hand. The little gentleman did not say another word. He paid no attention either to Mrs. Lenny's half hysterics or the calls of little Marie, who had a great deal to say to him about her stamp. His face grew pale with excitement under the brown. He walked straight away from them, up the

staircase and to his own room; while even Lady Markham, roused from her letters, stood looking after him and listening to the footsteps ringing very clear and steady, but with a sound of agitation in it, step by step up the stairs and along the corridor above. It seemed to them all, young and old, as if something had happened, but what they could not tell.

Sir Gus was very grave at dinner: he did not talk much, and though he was more than usually kind, yet he had not much to say, even to the children, after. And by this time the interest had shifted in those changeable young heads to Fairfax, who was of the last novelty "engaged to" Alice, a piece of news which made Bell and Marie tremulous with excitement, and excited an instinctive opposition in Roland and Harry. But when the evening was over Gus requested an interview with Lady Markham, and conducted her with great solemnity to the library, though it was a room he did not love. Then he placed himself in front of the fire, contemplating her with a countenance quite unlike his usual calm.

"I have something very important to tell you," he said. "I have taken a resolution, Lady Markham." And in every line of the little baronet's figure it might be seen how determined this resolution was.

"Tell me what it is," Lady Markham said, as he seemed to want her to say something. And then Sir Gus cleared his throat as if he were about to deliver a speech.

"It is — but first let me tell you that I promised — make it all right for those young people, Alice and Fairfax. I hope you'll let them be happy. It seems to be that to be happy when you are young, when you can have it, is the best thing. I promised to make it all right with you. I will settle upon her what you think necessary."

"You have a heart of gold," said Lady Markham, much moved, "and they will be as grateful to you as if they wanted it. Mr. Fairfax," she said (and Lady Markham, though she was not mercenary, could not help saying it with a little pride), "Mr. Fairfax is very rich. He has a great fortune; he can give Alice everything that could be desired, though all the same, dear Gus, they will be grateful to you."

"Ah!" said Sir Gus, with a blank air of surprise like a man suddenly stopped by a blank wall. He made a dead stop and looked at her, then resumed. "I

have taken a resolution, Lady Markham. I think I never ought to have come here; at all events it has not done me very much good, has it, nor any one else? And I daren't face another winter. I think I should die. Perhaps if I had married and that sort of thing it might have been better. It is too late to think of that now."

"Why too late?" said Lady Markham gently; her heart had begun to beat loudly. But she would not be outdone in generosity, and indeed nothing had been more kind than poor Gus. She determined to fight his battle against himself. "Why too late? You must not think so. You will not find the second winter so hard as the first — and as for marrying —"

"Yes, that's out of the question, Lady Markham, and at first I never meant to, because of Paul. So here is what I am going to do. You heard what old Aunt Katie said. The old house is for sale again; the old place where she was born and I was born, my uncle's old place that he had to sell, where I am as well known as Paul is at Markham. I am going back there — don't say a word. It's better for me, and better for you, and all of us. I'll take the old woman with me, and I'll be as happy as the day is long."

Here Gus gave a little gulp. Lady Markham got up and went towards him with her hand extended in anxious deprecation, though who can tell what a storm was going on in her bosom, of mingled reluctance and expectation — an agitation beyond word. He too raised his hand to keep her silent.

"Don't say anything," he said; "I've made up my mind, it will be a great deal better. Paul can come back, and I dare say he'll marry little Dolly. You can say I hope he will, and make her a good husband. And since Fairfax is rich, why, that is all right without me. Send for Paul, my lady, and we'll settle about the money, for I must have money, you know. I must have my share. And I'd like to give a sort of legacy to the little girls. They're fond of me, really, those two children, they are now, though you might not think it."

"We are all fond of you," said Lady Markham, with tears.

"Well, perhaps that is too much to expect, but you have all been very kind. Send for Paul, and make him bring the lawyer, and we'll get it all settled. I shall go out by the next steamer," said Sir Gus, after a little pause, recovering his usual

tone. "No more of this cold for me. I shall be king at Gavestonville, as Paul will be here. I don't think, Lady Markham, I have anything more to say."

"But," she cried, clinging to her duty, "but—I don't know what to say. Gus—Gus!"

"I have made up my mind," said the little gentleman with great dignity, "and after that there is not another word to say."

But there was a great convulsion in Markham when Sir Gus went away. The children were inconsolable. And Dolly stood by the rectory gate when his carriage went past to the railway, with the tears running down her cheeks. He had the carriage stopped at that last moment, and stepped out to speak to her, letting his fur cloak fall on the road.

"Marry Paul, my dear," he said, "that will be a great deal better than if you had married me. But you may give me a kiss before I go away."

There was a vague notion in Sir Gus's mind that little Dolly had wanted to marry him, but that he had discouraged the idea. He spoke in something of the same voice to the children as they saw him go away.

"I can't take you with me," he said, "but you shall come and see me." And thus, with great dignity and satisfaction, Sir Gus went away.

Thus Paul Markham had his property again when he had given up all thought of it; but the little gentleman who is the greatest man in Barbadoes has not the slightest intention of dying to oblige him, and in all likelihood the master of Markham will never be Sir Paul.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

PEASANT LIFE IN BENGAL.

VILLAGE life in Bengal has been hitherto a sealed book to Europeans. Travellers have described the mud cottages thatched with straw, half hidden by clumps of bamboos, plantains, or cocoa-nuts; the ryots cultivating the fields, or tending their cows, goats, and buffaloes; the miscellaneous minority of Brahmans, writers, money-lenders, doctors, astrologers, shopkeepers, weavers, blacksmiths, barbers, and scavengers; the women cooking the family meals, sweeping floors, husking rice, making cakes, or spinning cotton; the swarms of naked children making mud pies or playing old-fashioned games;

the trees where village gentry smoke and gossip, and religious mendicants go to and fro; the public tanks where the villagers bathe and pray; the temples where they make their offerings and worship the gods; and the colonnades where for unknown centuries the village boys have been taught Sanskrit grammar and verses by a line of Brahman pedagogues dating back to an unknown antiquity. Yet after a century of British rule, the inner life of these teeming populations, with all its joys and sorrows, is as little known to the English people as that of the old world which lies dead and buried beneath the mounds of Memphis or Nimroud.

Lal Behari Day's "Bengal Peasant Life" opens out this inner world.* He takes the reader, not only into a Bengali village, which is known by the high-sounding name of Kanchanpur, or "the golden city," but into the homestead of a Bengali family, and tells the annals of the household. The father is dead, and the family nominally consists of three brothers—Badan, Manik, and Gayaram. Badan is the eldest, and consequently the head of the family. He takes the entire charge of the family property: the homestead, which pays a yearly ground-rent of one rupee, or two shillings sterling, to the zemindar; the twelve acres of arable land, which pay a yearly rent of forty rupees; the plough and pair of bullocks, and some three or four cows. He provides for all these payments, as well as for the wants of the household. He is married, and has a little daughter named Malati, who as yet is the only child in the family. His brother Manik is unmarried, for, being of a weak intellect, no man will give him a daughter in marriage. His youngest brother, Gayaram, is married, but has no children. Badan and Manik cultivate the fields, whilst Gayaram attends to the cows.

The supreme mistress of the household is the old widowed mother, Alanga. She is honored and obeyed by her three sons, and exacts implicit obedience from her two daughters-in-law. Badan never takes any important step without consulting the old lady. His wife is most submissive to her on all occasions; but the young wife of Gayaram is sometimes restive, and returns a cross word to her mother-in-law. Such an act of rebellion is always regarded as a heinous crime in a Hindu household;

* *Bengal Peasant Life*, by Lal Behari Day. Macmillan and Co., 1879. This book was originally published in two volumes under the title of "Govinda Samauta; or, the History of a Bengal Raiyat (Ryot)."

and Gayaram does not fail to reproach his wife at night for her undutiful conduct, and occasionally to slap and cuff her in a way which makes her silent and sullen for a whole day afterwards.

The homestead is a four-sided inclosure of thick clay, with a yard in the centre. Badan occupies a large hut at the entrance; and his veranda, opening out into the yard, is the parlor or drawing-room of the family, where visitors sit on mats and smoke their hubble-bubbles.* On the opposite side is Gayaram's hut, and his veranda is the kitchen of the family. There is also a spare hut, a house for the cows, a tank, and other accessories.

The daily life of the family is a series of pictures of Arcadian simplicity. At daybreak, when the crows begin to caw, the whole household is astir. The two elder brothers are off to the fields, whilst Gayaram is seeing after the cows. The women are busy in the huts and courtyard. Sometimes the men come home to their mid-day meal, and sometimes it is carried to them in the fields. At sunset the labors of the day are brought to a close. A mat is spread in the courtyard, and the men sit down cross-legged and smoke their hubble-bubbles; and at such times it is the joy of Badan's life to listen to the childish prattle of his little daughter Malati. Occasionally the brothers pay visits to their neighbors, or neighbors drop in and join in the smoking. The conversation is nearly always the same—the weather, the bullocks, the crops, and the cows; the ploughing, harvesting, sowing, or irrigating. But money is ever the burden of the talk; rupees, annas, and pice; the zemindar's rent; the interest paid to the money-lender; the cost, loss, or profit of every transaction connected with the farm or household.

The whole family is religious; indeed all Hindus are religious. They may be everything that is good or bad, but they are never wanting in fear of the gods. They are constantly uttering the sacred names, and they offer a portion of every meal to the gods of the earth, water, and sky. They see deity in everything that exists, and omens of good or evil in everything that moves. If they meet a cow or a wedding, they rejoice over their good fortune; if they see a widow or a funeral, they are down-hearted at their ill-luck. They engage in no business, or

journey, or transaction of any sort or kind, without a prayer to the goddess Lakshmi or an invocation to the elephant-headed Ganesha.

Every family or group of families has its own *purohita*, or domestic Brahman, who performs endless ceremonies of propitiation, consecration, or purification at births, deaths, marriages, fasts, festivals, religious celebrations, and family incidents of every kind. In return the *purohita* receives all the offerings of rice, fruits, and vegetables that are made to the gods, with occasional presents of a like character. Every year the *guru*, or religious teacher of the sect or district, makes his appearance to receive a shilling fee from every household, and to confirm younger neophytes by whispering into their respective ears the name of the god that each one is to worship as his own individual deity. This name is known as the "seed prayer," and is to be uttered by the worshipper one hundred and eight times every day until the end of his earthly career.

One day at noon the three brothers—Badan, Manik, and Gayaram—were resting from their labors and smoking the eternal hubble-bubble, when the little girl, Malati, came up with their dinners, and brought the welcome news that Badan's wife had given birth to a son. No more work was done that afternoon, and the brothers hastened home and found the whole household in ecstasies of delight. The yard was filled with friends and neighbors, who came to congratulate the family; the old nurse was ever and anon coming to the door of the spare hut and showing the new-born baby with the utmost pride and satisfaction, whilst the grandmother, Alanga, was overflowing with joy as she gazed on the face of her little grandson. The goddess Shusti, the holy protectress of young children, was worshipped and propitiated with the most profound faith and devotion; and for days the homestead was a centre of attraction and rejoicing to the whole neighborhood.* In due course the horoscope of the infant was cast by the village astrologer, and pronounced to be most auspicious. This little boy is the hero of the present story; his name is Govinda Samanta.

Badan, the happy father of Govinda, was a type of the Bengal ryots of fifty years ago. Neither he nor his father be-

* The Bengal tobacco-pipe is fixed into a cocoa-nut of water; and all the smoke from the bowl is drawn through the water, and makes the bubbling noise which gives it the name of "hubble-bubble."

* Other superstitious ideas and nursery incidents are told by Lal Behari Day, but the reader must be referred to the book under review for all details beyond the bare outline of the story.

fore him had ever learned to read or write; but he knew that his ignorance exposed him to many exactions of the zemindar which were contrary to the laws of the British government, and when Govinda was five years of age, he resolved that the lad should be sent to school. The old grandmother, Alanga, did not like the idea; she considered that education was all very well for Brahmans, writers, or money-lenders, but was out of place in the family of a ryot. Accordingly she was of opinion that her little grandson Govinda would be better employed in helping his uncle Gayaram to look after the cows. But Badan represented that a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic would be absolutely necessary for the protection of the rising generation; so the old lady gave way at last and permitted Govinda to go to school.

Govinda was not destined to learn Sanskrit from the Brahman schoolmaster in the temple colonnade. Badan selected a more humble school, where the master was well versed in accounts, and was content with a monthly fee of one anna, or three halfpence sterling, and a little daily dole of betel or tobacco. The all-important day arrived when Govinda was wrapped in the *dhuti*, or cloth, for the first time, to the supreme delight of his mother and grandmother. He was provided with a piece of chalk for writing letters and figures on the floor, and Alanga tied up a quantity of fried rice in a corner of his *dhuti* in case he should feel hungry. He then, like a good little boy, bowed himself down to the ground with the deepest respect before his grandmother, his mother, and his father, as well as his uncles and aunt, and received a benediction from each. He was then led to the school by his father Badan, and began a course of education with some twenty other boys. He first learned to chalk letters and figures on the floor, and was then promoted to the dignity of writing on palm-leaves. Henceforth he went to school every morning with a bundle of palm-leaves under his arm, an earthen ink-pot in his hand, and a reed pen behind his ear. Every evening he came home bespattered with ink to show the reality and ardor of his studies; and then his delight was to listen to the stories of all the old women round about respecting the never-ending travels of four friends, and the horrible doings of ghosts and goblins of every shape and size.

Meanwhile Govinda's little sister Malati reached her eleventh year, and it be-

came necessary to provide her with a husband. Her father Badan was a poor man, and would gladly have deferred the marriage, but his mother Alanga was very anxious on the subject, and all his neighbors would have cried shame upon him had he put it off any longer. Accordingly he arranged to borrow the necessary sum from a money-lender, who charged a monthly interest at the rate of seventy-five per cent, per annum. He also engaged a professional matchmaker, who knew all the families round about and all their respective genealogies, in order to seek out a suitable husband in the neighboring villages. At last, after several lengthy negotiations and many comparisons of horoscopes, a marriage was settled by the parents on either side between Malati, the daughter of Badan, and a young man named Madhava, who was the son of a rich landowner in a village some twenty miles off; and after many more consultations of the heavenly bodies a fortunate day was finally fixed for the nuptial ceremonies.

Madhava was more than nineteen years of age, but he had no voice in the marriage. He was content to take the bride whom his parents had chosen without any courtship whatever; indeed, when a marriage is arranged amongst Bengalis, it is considered most improper for the bridegroom to see or speak to his bride until the wedding-day. As for Malati, she was too young to understand the meaning of marriage, and only knew that there was to be great ceremony and festivity, for some days.

During a whole fortnight before the wedding-day there was a din of preparations at both households, whilst the bride and bridegroom were subjects for mirth and jesting, congratulations and compliments from all their kinsfolk and acquaintances. There was continual feasting, bands of music were playing, dresses, jewels, and ornaments were under preparation, and the happy pair were rubbed with turmeric and oil until they were as yellow as gold. To expatiate upon the trousseau of the bride is beyond the power of a European pen. No expense was spared by the father of the bridegroom. The wedding garments of Madhava were made of flowered silks and cloth of gold. His shoes, specially procured from Calcutta, were embroidered with silver. The diadem which is always worn by Bengali bridegrooms, and is sometimes of the flimsiest tinsel, was made up of the richest materials and costliest decorations.

At last the day arrived when the bridegroom was to go in grand procession to be married to his bride. At evening time Madhava was carried to Kanchanpur in a litter, accompanied by musicians and torches. The whole village was aroused by the music and the glare. Men, women, and children rushed into the road and cried out that the bridegroom was coming, whilst the jackals were so frightened at the flaming lights and sudden turmoil that they scampered off to the jungle with the most unearthly screams and yells.

All this while the assembly at Badan's house was on the tiptoe of expectation. The inner yard was covered with a canopy of canvas, and a seat was prepared in the midst for the reception of the bridegroom. Presently the marriage music was heard playing louder and louder, and the hearts of Badan and his old mother were beating with excitement. At last the procession reached the gate of the homestead, and Badan went out to welcome his future son-in-law. Madhava, as the hero of the night, was then conducted to the seat in the midst of the assembly. The yard was crowded with husbands and sons, talking incessantly, whilst the hubbub went gaily round. The veranda of the big hut was crowded with wives and daughters, who were bundled together like bales of cotton, but were nevertheless as merry and talkative as the men, and full of jokes about the bride and bridegroom.

The marriage ceremony was next performed with all its endless details, which may be regarded with breathless interest by Bengali spectators, but have no significance to European eyes. They were brought to a close by the symbolic tying of the skirts of the bride with those of the bridegroom, the exchange of garlands between the happy pair, and the chanting recitations of the Vaidik hymns by the officiating Brahmans. The marriage feast was then served up to the male visitors in the yard. A plantain leaf was placed on the ground before every guest to serve as a plate, and then there was a general distribution of boiled rice, boiled pulse, vegetable curry, fish curry, fish in tamarind, and the curds, which are always a favorite dish with Hindus. When the gentlemen had finished, the ladies were served, and the night was thus spent in feasting and frolic. Two days afterwards the bridegroom went back to his father's house, accompanied by the bride, but after a week or two Malati returned to her old home, to remain there until she

should be old enough to live with her husband.

After the marriage, the household at Kanchanpur returned to its old routine; but Malati's life underwent a change. Whilst at home, she was no longer allowed to go out with the cows, or to carry the dinner to her father and uncles, but she did more of the work of the house, and was initiated in the mysteries of cooking, and was not required to cover herself with a veil like her mother and aunt. At intervals, however, she paid flying visits to her husband in the house of his father; and on these occasions she was under more constraint, for she was treated as Madhava's wife, and was always obliged to cover her face with a veil.

Meanwhile Gayaram's young wife, Aduri, made some mischief in Badan's household. She was not only cross to her mother-in-law, but occasionally insubordinate to her husband. One night, when they were retiring to sleep on their mats, Gayaram accused her of having looked and smiled at a young religious mendicant whilst giving him a handful of rice. Aduri declared it was a lie; that she never looked on any man's face save his own, and that she never spoke to any man, not even to his elder brothers. Gayaram gave her a slap in the face, and she set up a loud screaming, and fell down upon the floor. The grandmother rushed in and tried to soothe her son, and begged him to use his wife more gently, and left them. But Aduri had lost her temper; she declared that, if she had smiled at the mendicant, there was no harm in it; and Gayaram was so angry at the impropriety that he gave her a good beating, and left her to sob and moan as much as she pleased, and went to sleep on his mat. Next morning he rose up early, and found that Aduri was fast asleep. Accordingly, he went out to the cows without saying a word.

When Aduri woke up, she set about her household duties as though nothing had occurred. The morning passed away, her husband and brothers-in-law returned home and took their dinners, and went out again into the fields, but nothing was said. That same afternoon she suddenly began to laugh boisterously, and jumped round the veranda, and seemed to be possessed by a demon. An exorcist was sent for, and he uttered his incantations, and began to harangue the demon; but the evil spirit set him at defiance, and refused to leave the woman. In this ex-

tremity the exorcist began to belabor the young wife with a bamboo in order to drive the demon out of her. This active treatment proved eminently successful. The demon left his victim and vanished from the household, and Aduri recovered her senses.

Soon after this Malati reached her twelfth year, and she went to live with her husband in his father's house. Madhava was kind and affectionate in every way, but his mother was a virago, and seemed to hate her young daughter-in-law. She blamed Malati for not sweeping the floor properly, and for bad cooking and confectionery. She declared that Malati was ill-bred, walked like a boy, had a voice like the hissing of a serpent, and smiled in a sneering and sarcastic way whenever anything was said to her. One night Malati did nothing but sob and weep; and Madhava found out that she had been slapped in the face because some milk had boiled over. He trembled very much when he heard the story, but at last he said that he would speak to his mother. Malati answered that nothing would cure her temper, and urged him to send the old lady away. Madhava was horrified at the idea; he never heard of any such atrocity, except among the European Sahibs, and was not going to act like a Sahib, for it is deemed an enormous crime amongst Hindus for a son to live apart from his mother. Madhava tried to quiet his wife by saying that it was her fate; and as it had been ordained by the gods, it was impious and useless to resist their decrees.

Next day, however, Madhava went so far as to tell his mother that it did not look well for her to beat her daughter-in-law. But the old lady broke out in a fury. Madhava fled from the storm and escaped into the fields; but the old lady kept on walking to and fro, muttering to herself, cracking her knuckles, banging the doors, dashing about the brass pots, and behaving like a mad woman. For the rest of the day she would not say a word; but the night quieted her down, and next morning the household went on as usual. Some time afterwards Malati gave birth to a little boy; and henceforth she was treated more kindly by her mother-in-law.

Govinda Samanta was still a schoolboy at Kanchanpur when a great sorrow befell the household. His youngest uncle, Gayaram, was bitten by a cobra, and expired within a few hours; and his remains were burned immediately afterwards with

all the customary ceremonies. The grief of the grandmother, Alanga, was intense and piercing, but the poor young widow, Aduri, did nothing but shriek and scream, and then gave way to a despair bordering on mania. The days had gone by when a bereaved widow was compelled to burn herself with her dead husband on the funeral pile. Lord William Bentinck had abolished that abominable rite forever. But, nevertheless, the life of a Hindu woman, who has lost her husband, is without hope of any kind. However young she may be, she is condemned to perpetual widowhood; to break up all her ornaments, to wear mean attire, and to be content with one meal a day. Even when kindly treated by the other women of the household, she is regarded as an evil omen, to be shut out from all weddings and merry-makings, and doomed to spend the remainder of her days as a hewer of wood and drawer of water.

The fortunes of Govinda were changed by the death of his uncle, for he was removed from school and required to look after the cows. Shortly afterwards a horrible crime was committed, which is still frequent in India. A little girl was missing, and the whole population turned out to seek for the lost child. Search was made in every homestead, grove, and garden, whilst numbers hastened to the tanks and dragged them, in the expectation of finding the body. At last the corpse was found floating in a tank; and it was evident that the little girl had been lured away from the village, and stripped of all the finery and ornaments with which native parents bedizen their children, and then murdered and thrown into the tank.

The discovery was followed by a strange conflict between English law and Hindu ideas. According to the English law in India, the body of a murdered person is never to be burned without the knowledge and sanction of the police. But Hindus are accustomed to burn their dead as soon as possible after they have ceased to live; and they consider it a calamity and a crime if a body remains unburned after twenty-four hours. The question was referred to the zemindar, who was a bigoted Hindu, and consequently ordered the immediate burning. But to guard against unpleasant consequences, a bribe was given to the police constable of the village, and consequently no report of the murder was sent to the police authorities at the headquarters station.

Next day, the whole village set to work

to discover the murderers. An old woman came forward and said that on the morning of the previous day she had seen the little girl walking away with a man and his sister belonging to the village. The people at once accepted her story, and ran off to the hut of the accused, arrested them both, and then dragged them to the house of the zemindar, kicking and cuffing them the whole of the way. The accused were subjected to torture and confessed their guilt, and then received another storm of blows. But nothing further could be done; neither the zemindar nor the constable dared to report that the body had been burned without the knowledge of the police. Accordingly, the murderers were turned out of the village with a shower of brickbats and old shoes,* and told that they would be hanged if ever they attempted to return.

About this time Govinda was married, and his grandmother resolved to surrender the headship of the household to his mother, the wife of Badan, and to devote the remainder of her days to religious duties and pilgrimages to holy places. The family were Vaishnavas, or worshippers of Vishnu as the supreme spirit through his incarnation as Krishna; and they belonged to the sect of Chaitanya, a Vaishnava preacher of the sixteenth century, who is greatly revered throughout Bengal, and is supposed by his followers to be a later incarnation of Krishna. Accordingly, the old lady prepared to go on a pilgrimage to certain holy places which had been rendered sacred by the presence of Chaitanya; and then to undertake a final journey to the famous temple of Jaganath, another form of Krishna, in the remote province of Orissa. Her daughter-in-law Aduri, the young widow of her lost son Gayaram, proposed to accompany her; and though Badan doubted the sincerity of Aduri's religious professions, he would not prevent her going, especially as she might prove of help to his mother on her toilsome journeys.

A Hindu pilgrimage is one of the saddest sights in humanity. The worshippers of Krishna often abandon themselves to a wild frenzy, and seem to lose their senses in orgiastic intoxication. The religious mendicants especially, who are

supposed to lead lives of celibacy, and to devote themselves to mystical contemplation of the supreme spirit, will often impose upon credulous widows by their affected ecstasies, and make their religious pretensions a cloak for the vilest immoralities. At one of the places of pilgrimage, the two women beheld a group of these mendicants, singing, dancing, and vituperating like madmen. One of the most violent fixed his eyes on the younger widow, and then threw himself on the ground in violent convulsions. Aduri looked on with amazement; she knew the man well, and remembered having given him alms at their homestead at Kanchanpur. Presently he awoke from his trance, and declared that the god had appeared to him and announced that the widow was destined to become the most glorious member of his mendicant worshippers. It is needless to dwell upon the scene of imposture. Aduri made no resistance, and her mother-in-law was too bewildered and helpless to interfere. The poor deluded widow was hurried off by the mendicants, invested with the garb of their order, made to take the vows with the accompanying ceremonies, and was henceforth lost to her family. The old lady returned to Kanchanpur with the unwelcome story, and in spite of the sincerity of their faith in Vishnu and Krishna, the whole family lamented over the mysterious doom that had befallen the widow of Gayaram.

The old grandmother, Alanga, lived to carry out her pilgrimage to Jaganath, but was attacked by cholera on the road from Puri, and left to die without medicine or religious ceremonies; and to crown the horrors of her doom, her remains were not consumed on a funeral pile, but were left a prey to dogs and vultures. When the sad tidings reached Kanchanpur, the family celebrated her obsequies, but the manner of her death continued to be a great grief to the whole household.

Shortly afterwards Badan was gathered to his fathers, and burnt in the old solemn fashion which has been handed down from a remote antiquity. Govinda, the son, now became the head of the family, but began life with a serious drawback. Badan had left a debt due to the money-lender, and for this his son was responsible according to Hindu usages, which are more binding than laws; and Govinda had been compelled to increase this debt in order to perform the expensive ceremonies necessitated by the death of his grandmother and father.

* Throwing a shoe or a slipper is the most insulting mark of opprobrium in Asiatic eyes. It is an insult which no one is supposed to forgive. Accordingly, Hindus are thunderstruck when they see Europeans throwing old shoes and slippers after a newly married pair; and some Bengali editors have gravely taken Europeans to task for such vulgarity and superstition.

But matters are rarely so bad that they cannot be worse. One day Govinda was taken aback by a demand from one of the servants of the zemindar for a contribution of five rupees towards the expenses of the coming marriage of the son of the zemindar. The demand was illegal, but it was one of those old native customs which had outlived the introduction of British rule. Govinda was utterly unable to pay, and was accordingly hurried off to the house of the zemindar to make his excuses in the presence of the great man.

Jaya Chand Raya was a Bengal zemindar of the old school, ignorant, rapacious, and unscrupulous, sticking at nothing in the way of forgery, chicanery, or downright fraud, if he could only screw money out of the timid ryots. His name was never pronounced by his tenants without execration; whilst it was a common saying that tigers and cows were so terrified when they heard it that they drank water together out of the same tank.

The house of this Hindu grandee was a mansion of brick and mortar, the largest in the village. The gateway was a mass of solid masonry, with a huge door of teak wood, studded with large nails, and surmounted by the figure of a lion. Inside was a courtyard sixty feet square. On one side was a large hall; and on two other sides there were suites of rooms; the whole being known as the *cutcherry* house, public part of the mansion, where the zemindar held his court and transacted business. There were two other quadrangles covering similar areas, built round with houses and covered verandas. One was known as the "outer house," contained the images of the gods, and was used only on religious festivals; the other was the "inner house," and comprised the women's apartments, or *zenana*.

Govinda was ushered trembling through the lion gate into the *cutcherry* hall, where he saw the zemindar sitting cross-legged on a carpet, leaning on a huge pillow, and looking as terrible as a lion couchant. Govinda crouched before him like the humblest slave, and pleaded that he was willing to pay, and only wanted time. He was told that, unless he was ready with his money within three days, he would be brought to the house with his hands tied for all men to see.

That night there was much exciting talk in the village of Kanchanpur. Some asked why the poor ryots should pay the marriage expenses of the zemindar's son.

Others timidly remarked that the zemindar was rich and powerful, and had a band of club-men in his pay. Manik declared that it would be cowardly to submit, and heaped much abuse upon the zemindar. But Govinda remarked that, if he failed to pay, the zemindar might ill-treat him, or imprison him, and perhaps set his house on fire; and it was plain that most of the villagers held the same opinion. Accordingly, he consulted his mother, and resolved to raise the money at any cost, but to tell the zemindar to his face that the demand was contrary to law.

The result was not satisfactory. The zemindar was so enraged that he struck Govinda with his slipper, and threatened to ruin him until the dogs and jackals howled over his miseries. A few nights afterwards the old homestead was set on fire, and Manik recognized one of the incendiaries as the head of the zemindar's club-men. But Govinda could obtain no redress. Many of the zemindar's people swore that the offender was miles away on the night in question, whilst the village constable was the humble servant of the zemindar.

Govinda was soon a ruined man. The fire destroyed his receipts for rent, and false demands were made against him, which led to the distraint of his crops and cattle, and the sale of all his remaining property to the highest bidder. He struggled on for a while as a laborer, and at last perished in the famine of 1873.

Such is the story of Govinda Samanta, as told by an educated native gentleman of singular ability. It abounds in accurate descriptions and details, which will be found equally novel and interesting. In a word, it tells more of the realities of native life and character than can be found in all the voluminous lumber that the British government has ever published respecting the people of India. Above all, it shows the helplessness of the agricultural population of Bengal, and the utter want of political life in the village communities. At the period to which the story refers, the Bengal ryots were almost at the mercy of the zemindars. Prior to the year 1859 the Bengal zemindars were empowered by the late East India Company's regulations to imprison their ryots, and distrain their goods, for any arrears of rent, or even alleged arrears; and thus, to use the words of Lal Behari Day, a government calling itself Christian permitted the peaceful millions of Bengal to be ground to the dust by

their native landlords. But Act X. of 1859 removed most of the old evils by prohibiting all arbitrary demands, and introducing new rules as regards receipts and the enhancement of rents, which have practically emancipated the ryots from the serfdom which they had inherited from their fathers.

It must however be admitted that the zemindars of the present day, especially those who have received an English education, are of a better type than Jaya Chand Raya. Indeed, there are some who take a real interest in the welfare of their ryots, and who would compare favorably with the landlords in more advanced countries. But the Bengal ryots are still too ignorant and timid to help themselves. They distrust one another; they are afraid of the zemindars; they are in still greater terror of the native police; and the activity of English officials alone protects them from oppression and crime.

The political and social elevation of the people of India is becoming one of the most important questions of the day; but the story of Govinda Samanta shows how little can be done until the masses begin to display more public spirit, and education is more widely disseminated. The main difficulty is to arouse the Hindu people from the torpor of ages, and during the present generation very much has been done in this direction. The good work began with the introduction of railways, telegraphs, and a cheap postage. Since then the disastrous famines and introduction of direct taxation have awakened the Hindu populations of the larger villages and towns to the course of public events in which their self-interest is largely concerned. But the great desideratum is a closer association between Europeans and natives, especially in the residency capitals; and that can be only effected by the discovery of pursuits and measures in which both can have a common interest. Field sports and horse-races have had but a dubious success; whilst European conversaziones are almost as wearisome to native gentlemen as the performances of nautch girls and conjurors are to English visitors. The growing interest of educated natives in English politics may possibly lead to the desired result; and though at present it seems more likely to enable interested individuals to create political capital, it may tend in the long run to promote the well-being of both Great Britain and India.

J. TALBOYS WHEELER.

From The Nineteenth Century.

A STRANGER IN AMERICA.

No person could be more completely a stranger than I was in America. After being interested in American history and public affairs from my youth, I saw the country for the first time in August last. Being born in midland England, I had more English insularity of thought than most of my countrymen; and having a certain wilfulness of opinion, which few shared at home, and probably fewer abroad, I had little to recommend me in the United States. Years ago I knew some publicists there of mark and character, but that was before the great war in which many of them perished. My friend Horace Greeley was dead, Lloyd Garrison was gone, with both of whom I had spent well-remembered days. Theodore Parker, the "Jupiter of the pulpit," as Wendell Phillips calls him, paid me a visit in England before he went to Florence to die. To me, therefore, it was contentment enough to walk unknown through some of America's marvellous cities, and into the not less wondrous space which lies beyond them.

For one who has seen but half a great continent, and that but for a short period, to write a book about the country would be certainly absurd. At the same time, to have been in a new world for three months and be unable to give any account whatever of it would be still more absurd. To pretend to know much is presumption—to profess to know nothing is idiocy. A voyager who had seen a strange creature in the Atlantic Ocean as he passed it, might be able to give only a poor account of it; but if he had seen it every day for three months, and even been upon its back, he would be a very stupid person if he could give no idea whatever of it. I saw America and Canada from Ottawa to Kansas City for that length of time, travelling on its lakes and land, and may give some notion, at least to those who never were there, of what I observed—not of its trades or manufactures, or statistics, or politics, or churches, but of the ways, manners, and spirit of the people.

After all I had read or heard, it seemed to me that there were great features of social life there unregarded or misregarded. New York itself is a miracle which a large book would not be sufficient to explain. When I stepped ashore there, I thought I was in a larger Rotterdam; when I found my way to the Broadway, it seemed to me as though I was in Paris,

and that Paris had taken to business. There were quaintness, grace and gaiety, brightness and grimness, all about. The Broadway I thought a Longway, for my first invitation in it was to No. 1455. My first days in the city were spent at No. 1 Broadway, in the Washington Hotel, allured thither by its English military and diplomatic associations, going back to the days when an Indian warwhoop was possible in the Broadway. At that end, you are dazed by a forest of tall telegraphic poles, and a clatter by night and day that no pathway of Pandemonium could rival. Car-bells, omnibus-bells, drayhorse-bells, railway-bells and locomotives in the air, were resounding night and day. An engineer turns off his steam at your bedroom window. When I got up to see what was the matter, I found engine No. 99 almost within reach of my arm, and the other ninety-eight had been there that morning before I awoke. When one day at a railway junction I heard nine train-bells being rung by machinery, it sounded as though Disestablishment had occurred, and all the parish churches of England were being imported.

Of all the cities of America, Washington is the most superb in its brilliant flashes of space. The drowsy Potomac flows in sight of splendid buildings. Washington is the only city I have ever seen which no wanton architect or builder can spoil. Erect what they will, they cannot obliterate its glory of space. If a man makes a bad speech, the audience can retreat; if he buys a dull book, he need not read it — while if a dreary house be erected, three generations living near it may spend their melancholy lives in sight of it. If an architect in each city could be hanged now and then, with discrimination, what a mercy it would be to mankind! Washington at least is safe. One Sunday morning I went to the church which is attended by the president and Mrs. Hayes, to hear the kind of sermon preached in their presence. But the walk through the city was itself a sermon. I never knew all the glory of sunlight in this world until then. The clear, calm sky seemed hundreds of miles high. Over dome and mansion, river and park, streets and squares, the sunlight shed what appeared to my European eyes an unearthly beauty. I lingered in it until I was late at church. The platform occupied by preachers in America more resembles an altar than our pulpit, and the freedom of action and grace in speaking I thought greater

than among us. The sermon before the president was addressed to young men, and was remarkably wise, practical, definite, and inspiring; but the transition of tone was, at times, more abrupt and less artistic than in other eminent American preachers whom I had the pleasure to hear.

Niagara Falls I saw by sunlight, electric light, and by moonlight, without thinking much of them — until walking on the American side I came upon the Niagara River, which I had never heard of. Of course water must come from somewhere to feed the falls — I knew that; but I had never learned from guide-books that its coming was anything remarkable. When, however, I saw a mighty mountain of turbulent water as wide as the eye could reach, a thousand torrents rushing as it were from the clouds, splashing and roaring down to the great falls, I thought the idea of the deluge must have begun there. No aspect of nature ever gave me such a sense of power and terror. I feared to remain where I stood. The frightful waters seemed alive. When I went back to the Canadian side I thought as much of Niagara as any one — had I seen the Duke of Argyll's recent published "Impressions" of them (he also discovered the Niagara rapids) before I went there, I should have approached Niagara Falls with feelings very different from those with which I first saw them.

In the Guildhall, London, I have seen City orators point their merchant audience to the statues of great men there, and appeal to the historic glories of the country. Such an audience would respond as though they had some interest in the appeal — feeling, however, that these things more concerned the "great families" who held the country, whom they make rich by their industry, who looked down upon them as buttermen or tallow-chandlers. No orator addressing the common people employs these historic appeals to them. The working class who are enlisted in the army, flogged and sent out to be shot, that their fathers may find their way to the poorhouse, under their hereditary rulers, are not so sensible of the glory of the country. The working men, as a rule, have no substantial interest in the national glory: I mean those of them whose lot it is to supplicate for work, and who have to establish trades' unions to obtain adequate payment for it. Yet I well know that England has things to be proud of which America cannot

rival.* At the same time we have, as Lord Beaconsfield discerned, "two nations" living side by side in this land. What is wanted is that they shall be one in equity of means, knowledge, and pride. Nothing surprised me more than to see the parks of New York, abutting Broadway, without a fence around the greenward. A million unresting feet passed by them, and none trampled on the delicate grass — while, in England, board schools put up a prison wall around them, so that poor children cannot see a flower-girl go by in the streets; and the back windows of the houses of mechanics in Lambeth remain blocked up, whereby no inmate can look on a green tree in the palace grounds. In Florence, in Northampton, where the Holyoke mountain † looks on the ever-winding Connecticut River, as elsewhere, there are thousands of mansions to be seen without a rail around their lawns. Acres of plantations lie unenclosed between the beautiful houses, where a crowd of wanderers might rest unchallenged, and watch mountain, river, and sky. In England if an indigent wanderer sat down on house-ground or wayside, the probability is a policeman would come and look at him, the farmer would come and demand what he wanted, and the relieving officer would suggest to him that he had better pass on to his own parish. In England the whole duty of man, as set down in the workman's catechism, is to find out upon how little he can live. In America the workman sets himself to find out how much he ought to have to live upon, equitably compared with what falls to other classes. He does not see exactly how to get it when he has found out the amount. Co-operative equity alone can show him that. No doubt workmen are better off in any civilized country than workmen were one hundred or two hundred years ago. So are the rich. The workmen whom I addressed in America I counselled not to trouble about comparisons as to their condition, but to remember that there is but one rule for rich and

poor, workmen and employer — namely, that each should be free to get all he *honestly* can. A wholesome distinction of America is that industry alone is universally honorable there, and has good chances. There are no common people there, in the English sense. When speaking in the Cooper Institute, New York, I was reminded that the audience would resent being so addressed.* Every man in America feels as though he owns the country, because the charm of recognized equality and the golden chances of ownership have entered his mind. He is proud of the statues and the public buildings. The great rivers, the trackless prairies, the regal mountains, all seem his. Even the steep kerb-stones of New York and Boston, which brought me daily distress, I was asked to admire — for some reason yet unknown to me. In England nobody says to the visitor or foreigner when he first meets him, What do you think of England? The people do not feel that they own the country, or have responsible control over it. The country is managed by somebody else. Not even members of Parliament know when base treaties are made in the nation's name, and dishonoring wars are entered into, which the lives and earnings of their constituents may be confiscated to sustain. All that our representatives can tell us is that that is an affair of the crown. In America there is no crown, and the people are kings and they know it. I had not landed on the American shores an hour, before I became aware that I was in a new nation, animated by a new life which I had never seen. I was three days in the train going from Ottawa to Chicago. It was my custom to spend a part of every day in the cosy smoking-saloon of the car, with its red velvet seats, and bright spacious-mouthed braziers for receiving lights or ashes. My object was to study in detail the strange passengers who joined us. Being on the railway there practically but one class and one fare, the gentleman and the workman, the lady and the mechanic's wife, sit together without hesitation or diffidence. A sturdy, unspeaking man, who seemed to be a mechanic, was generally in the smoking-saloon. He never spoke, except to say "Would I take his seat?" when he thought I was incommoded by a particularly fat passenger by my side. "It will suit me quite as well to smoke outside the

* Americans are not lacking in generous admissions herein, as any one may see in William Winter's "Trip to England." The reader must go far to find more graceful pages of appreciation of the historic, civic, and scenic beauties of this country.

† In an historic churchyard at the bottom of the mountain is the grave of Mary Pynchon, the wife of Eldzur Holyoke, the early English settler, whose name the mountain bears. Among the commonly feeble epitaphs of churchyards hers is remarkable for its grace and vigor. It says: —

She who lies here was, while she stood,
A very glory of womanhood.

* The Rev. R. Heber Newton said to me, "Remember, Mr. Holyoke, we have no 'common people' in America. We may have a few uncommon ones."

car," he would civilly say, if I objected to putting him to inconvenience. On the morning of the third day, he and I only were sitting together. Wishing to find out whether he could or would talk, I asked him, "How far are we from Chicago?" He looked at me with sudden amazement. Black, stubbly hair covered his face (which had been unshaven for days, an unusual thing with Americans). At my question every stubble seemed to start up as he laid his hand on my knee and said, "Have you *never* been to Chicago?" "How could I?" I replied; "I am an Englishman travelling from London in order to see it." All at once, looking at me with pity and commiseration, his little deep black eyes glistening like glow-worms in the night of his dark face, he exclaimed, laying his hand now on my shoulder, that his words might be more expressive, "Sir, Chicago is the boss city of the universe," evidently thinking that I might make some futile attempt to compare it with some city of this world. Afterwards I learned that this electric admirer of Chicago was the brakeman of the train. Yet this man, who had probably driven into the fiery city a thousand times, had as much delight in it, and as much pride in it, as though he were the owner of it. I soon found that it would not be a wise thing for a stranger to be of a different opinion. As I rode into Chicago three hours later, I thought I had never seen such a lumbering, dingy, ramshackle, crowded, tumultuous, boisterous outside of a city before. When asked my opinion again, amid the roar of cars and hurricane of every kind of wagons and vehicles, I framed one from which I never departed, namely, that considering the short time in which Chicago had been built and rebuilt, it was the most miraculous city I had ever seen. This opinion was silent on many details, and the acumen of an American questioner is not easily foiled, but as I admitted something "miraculous" about the place my opinion was tolerated, as fulfilling essential conditions. And when I came to see Chicago's wondrous streets of business, its hotels in which populations of twenty ordinary English parishes would be lost, its splendid avenues, its fine, noble, far-spreading parks, and Lake Michigan stretching out like a sea on the city borders—it did seem to me a "miraculous city," quite apart from the happy days I spent there, as the guest of Mr. Charlton, of the Chicago and Alton railway, who

travelled with me through Canada and half America, that I might see, without cost or care, the civic and natural marvels of the two countries.

The first hour I was in New York, one, in friendly care for my reputation as a stranger, said to me, "Mind, if you get run over, do not complain—if you can articulate—as it will go against you on the inquest. In America we run over anybody in the way, and if you are knocked down it will be considered your fault." In America self-help (honest and sometimes dishonest) is a characteristic. In Germany apprentices were required to travel to acquire different modes of working. If young Englishmen could be sent a couple of years to take part in American business, they would come back much improved. An eminent English professor, whom I lately asked whether it would not do this country good if we could get our peers to emigrate, answered, "No doubt, if you could smarten some of them up a bit first." Everywhere in America you hear the injunction "Hold on!" In every vessel and car there are means provided for doing it: for unless a man falls upon his feet—if he does fall—he finds people too busy to stop and pick him up. The nation is in commotion. Life in America is a battle and a march. Freedom has set the race on fire—freedom, with the prospect of property. Americans are a nation of men who have their own way, and do very well with it. It is the only country where men are men in this sense, and the unusualness of the liberty bewilders many, who do wrong things in order to be sure they are free to do something. This error is mostly made by new-comers, to whom freedom is a novelty; and it is only by trying eccentricity that they can test the unwonted sense of their power of self-disposal. But as liberty grows into a habit, one by one the experimenters become conscious of the duty of not betraying the precious possession, by making it repulsive. Perhaps self-assertion seems a little in excess of international requirements. Many "citizens" give a stranger the impression that they do think themselves equal to their superiors, and superior to their equals; yet all of them are manlier than they would be through the ambition of each to be equals of anybody else.

The effect of American inspiration on Englishmen was strikingly evident. I met workmen in many cities whom I had known in former years in England. They

were no longer the same men. Here their employers seldom or never spoke to them,* and the workmen were rather glad, as they feared the communication would relate to a reduction of wages. They thought it hardly prudent to look a foreman or overseer in the face. Masters are more genial, as a rule, in these days; but in the days when last I visited these workmen at their homes in Lancashire, it never entered into their heads to introduce me to their employers. But when I met them in America they instantly proposed to introduce me to the mayor of the city. This surprised me very much; for when they were in England they could not have introduced me to the relieving officer of their parish, with any advantage to me, had I needed to know him. These men were still workmen, and they did introduce me to the mayor as "a friend of theirs;" and in an easy, confident manner, as one gentleman would speak to another, they said, "they should be obliged if he would show me the civic features of the city." The mayor would do so, order his carriage, and with the most pleasant courtesy take me to every place of interest. To this hour I do not know whom I wondered at most — the men or the mayor. In some cases the mayor was himself a manufacturer, and it was a pleasure to see that the men were as proud of the mayor as they were of the city.

One day a letter came, inviting me to Chautauqua Lake, saying that if I would allow it to be said that I would come to a convention of Liberals there, many other persons would go there to meet me, and then I should see everybody at once. I answered that it was exactly what I wanted — "to see everybody at once." In England we think a good deal of having to go ten miles into the country to hold a public meeting; but knowing Americans were more enterprising, I expected I should have to go seventeen miles there. When the day arrived and I asked for a ticket for Chautauqua Lake, the clerk, looking at the money I put down, said, "Do you know you are seven hundred miles from that place?" Having engaged to speak in the Parker Memorial Hall to the Twenty-eighth Congregational Church of Boston the next Sunday, there was no

* Long years ago, when I first knew Rochdale, workmen at Mr. Bright's mills used to tell me with pride, that he was not like other employers. He not only inquired about them, but of them; and to this day they will stop him in the mill yard and ask his advice in personal difficulties, when they are sure of willing and friendly counsel from him.

escape from a journey of fourteen hundred miles in the mean time, and I made it. At Chautauqua was a sight I had never seen. A hall, looking out on to the great lake, as full of amateur philosophers and philosopheresses — all with their heads full of schemes. There were at least a hundred persons, each with an armful or a reticule-full of first principles, ready written out, for the government of mankind in general. It was clear to me that the government at Washington will never be in the difficulty we were when Lord Hampton had only ten minutes in which to draw up for us a new Constitution — our Cabinet not having one on hand. If President Hayes is ever in want of a policy, he will find a good choice at Chautauqua Lake. My ancient friend Louis Masquerier had the most systematic scheme there of all of them. I knew it well, for the volume explaining it was dedicated to me. He had mapped out the whole globe into small homestead parallelograms. An ingenious friend (Dr. Hollick) had kindly completed the scheme for him one day when it was breaking down. He pointed out to Masquerier that there was a little hitch at the poles — where the meridian lines converge, which rendered perfect squares difficult to arrange there. This was quite unforeseen by the homestead artificer. The system could not give way, that was clear; and nature was obdurate at the poles. So it was suggested that Masquerier should set apart the spaces at the poles to be planted with myrtle, sweet-briar, roses, and other aromatic plants, which might serve to diffuse a sweet scent over the homesteads otherwise covering the globe. The inventor adopted the compromise, and thus the difficulty was, as Paley says, "gotten over;" and if Arctic explorers in the future should be surprised at finding a fragrant garden at the North Pole, they will know how it came there. In Great Britain, where a few gentlemen consider it their province to make religion, politics, and morality for the people, it is counted ridiculous presumption that common persons should attempt to form opinions upon these subjects for themselves. I know the danger to progress brought about by those whom Colonel Ingersoll happily calls its "fool friends." Nevertheless, to me this humble and venturesome activity of thought at Chautauqua was a welcome sight. Eccentricity is better than the deadness of mind. Out of the crude form of an idea

the perfect idea comes in time. From a boy I have been myself of Butler's opinion that —

Reforming schemes are none of mine,
To mend the world's a great design,
Like he who toils in little boat
To tug to him the ship afloat.

Nevertheless, since I am in the ship as much as others, and have to swim or sink with it, I am at least concerned to know on what principles, and to what port, it is being steered; and those are mere ballast who do not try to find as much out. Dr. Erasmus Darwin's definition of a fool was "one who never tried an experiment." In this sense there is hardly a fool in America — while the same sort of persons block up the streets in England — newspapers of note are published to encourage them to persevere in their imbecility, and they have the largest representation in Parliament of any class in the kingdom. Everybody knows that no worse misfortune can happen to a man here than to have a new idea; while in America a man is not thought much of if he has not one on hand.

Yet a visitor soon sees that everything is not perfect in America, and its thinkers and statesmen know it as well as we do. But they cannot improve everything "right away." We do not do that in England. In America I heard men praised as "level-headed," without any regard to their being moral-headed. I heard men called "smart" who were simply rascals. Then I remembered that we had judges who gave a few months' imprisonment to a bank director who had plundered a thousand families, and five years' penal servitude to a man who had merely struck a lord. In Chicago you can get a cup of good coffee without chicory at Race's served on a marble table, with cup and saucer not chipped, and a clean *serviette*, for five cents. Yet you have to pay anywhere for having your shoes blacked four hundred per cent. more than in London. The government there will give you one hundred and sixty acres of land, with trees upon it enough to build a small navy; and they charged me three shillings in Chicago for a light walking-stick which could be had in London for sixpence. All sorts of things cheap in England are indescribably dear in America. Protection must be a good thing for somebody: if the people like it, it is no business of ours. We have, I remembered, something very much like it at home. We are a nation of shopkeep-

ers, and the shopkeeper's interest is to have customers; yet until lately we taxed every purchaser who came into a town. If he walked in, which meant that he was poor and likely not to buy anything, the turnpike was free to him; but if he came on horseback, which implied that he had money in his pocket, we taxed his horse; and if he came in a carriage, which implied possession of still larger purchasing power, we taxed every wheel of his carriage to encourage him to keep away. One day I said, that to this hour, our chancellor of the exchequer taxes every person who travels by railway, every workman going to offer his labor, every employer seeking hands, every merchant who travels to buy or sell: in an industrial country we tax every man who moves about in our trains. Englishmen, who had been out of this country twenty years, could not believe this. When they found that I was the chairman of a committee who had yet to agitate for free trade in locomotion in England, they were humiliated and ashamed that England had still to put up with the incredible impost. Many things I had heard spoken of as absurd among Uncle Sam's people, seemed to me less so when I saw the conditions which have begotten their unusualness. Here we regard America as the eccentric seed-land of Spiritism; but when I met the prairie schooners,* travelling into the lone plains of Kansas, I could understand that a solitary settler there would be very glad to have a spirit or two in his lone log-house. Where no doctors can be had, the itinerant medicine-vender is a welcome visitor, and, providing his drugs are harmless, imagination effects a cure — imagination is the angel of the mind there. We are apt to think that youths and maidens are too self-sufficient in their manners in those parts. They could not exist at all in those parts, save for those qualities. We regard railways as being recklessly constructed — but a railroad of any kind is a mercy if it puts remote settlers in communication with a city somehow. If a bridge gives way like that on the Tay lately among us, fewer lives are lost there than would be worn out by walking and dragging produce over unbridged distances, and often going without needful things for the household, because they could not be got.

In the United States there are news-

* A long, rickety wagon drawn generally by one horse, carrying the emigrant, his family and furniture, in search of a new settlement.

papers of as great integrity, judges as pure, and members of Parliament as clean-handed as in England; but the public indignation at finding it otherwise is nothing like so great there as here. John Stuart Mill said that the working classes of all countries lied—it being the vice of the slave caste—but English working men alone were ashamed of lying, and I was proud to find that my countrymen of this class have not lost this latent attribute of manliness; and I would rather they were known for the quality of speaking the truth, though the devil was looking them square in the face, than see them possess any repute for riches, or smartness without it. Far be it from me to suggest that Americans, as a rule, do not possess the capacity of truth, but in trade they do not strike you as exercising the talent with the same success that they show in many other ways. However, there is a certain kind of candor continually manifested, which has at least a negative merit. If a "smart" American does a crooked thing, he does not pretend that it is straight. When I asked what was understood to be the difference between a Republican and a Democrat, I was answered by one of those persons, too wise and too pure to be of any use in this world, who profess to be of no party—none being good enough for them; he said, "Republicans and Democrats profess different things, but they both do the same." "Your answer," I replied, "comes very near the margin of giving me information. What are the different things?" I asked, "which they do profess?" The answer was, "The Republicans profess to be honest, but the Democrats do not even profess that." My sympathies, I intimated, lay therefore with the Republicans, since they who admit they know what they ought to be, probably incline to it. However impetuous Americans may be, they have one great grace of patience: they listen like gentlemen. An American audience, anywhere gathered together, make the most courteous listeners in the world. If a speaker has only the gift of making a fool of himself, nowhere has he so complete an opportunity of doing it. If he has the good fortune to be but moderately interesting, and obviously tries in some humble way, natural to him, to add to their information, they come to him afterwards and congratulate him with Parisian courtesy. At Washington, where I spoke at the request of General Mussey and Major Ford, and in Cornell University at Ithaca, where, at the re-

quest of the acting president professor, W. C. Russell, I addressed the Students Moralities of Co-operative Commerce, there were gentlemen and ladies present who knew more of everything than I did about anything; yet they conveyed to me their impression that I had in some way added to their information. Some political colleagues of mine have gone to America. In this country they had a bad time of it. In the opinion of most official persons of their day, they ought to have been in prison; and some narrowly escaped it. In America they ultimately obtained State employment, which here they never would have obtained to their latest day. Yet their letters home were so disparaging of America, as to encourage all defamers of its people and institutions. This incited me to look for every feature of discontent. What I saw to the contrary I did not look for—but could not overlook when it came upon me. John Stuart Mill I knew was at one time ruined by repudiators in America, but that did not lead him to condemn that system of freedom which must lead to public honor coming into permanent ascendancy. For myself, I am sufficiently a Comtist to think that humanity is greater and sounder than any special men; and believe that great conditions of freedom and self-action can alone render possible general progress. Great evils in American public life, from which we are free in England, have been so dwelt upon here, that the majority of working men will be as much surprised as I was, to find that American life has in it elements of progress which we in England lack. Still I saw there were spots in the great sun. The certainty of an earthquake every four years in England would not more distress us or divert the current of business, than the American system of having a hundred thousand office-holders, liable to displacement every presidential election. Each placeman has, I "calculate," at least nine friends who watch and work to keep him where he is. Then there are a hundred thousand more persons, candidates for the offices to be vacated by those already in place. Each of these aspirants has on the average as many personal friends who devote themselves to getting him installed. So there are two millions of the most active politicians in the country always battling for places—not perhaps regardless altogether of principle, but subordinating the assertion of principle to the command of places. The wonder is that the progress made in America occurs at all. Colonel

Robert Ingersoll, during the enchanted days when I was his guest in Washington, explained it all to me, and gave reasons for it with the humor and wit for which he is unrivalled among public speakers among us: nevertheless I remain of the same opinion still. This system, although a feature of republican administration, is quite distinct from republican principle, and has to be changed, though the duration of the practice renders it as difficult to alter as it would be to change the diet of a nation.

It would take too long now to recount half the droll instances in which our cousins of the New World rise above and fall below ourselves. Their habit of interviewing strangers is the most amusing and useful institution conceivable. I have personal knowledge, and others more than myself, of visitors to England of whom the public never hear. Many would be glad to call upon them and show them civility or give them thanks for services they have rendered to public progress, elsewhere, in one form or other. But the general public never know of their presence. These sojourners among us possess curious, often valuable knowledge, and no journalists ask them any questions, or announce, or describe them, or inform the town where they are to be found. Every newspaper reader in the land might be the richer in ideas for their visit, but they pass away with their unknown wealth of experience, of which he might have partaken. There is no appointment on the press to be more coveted than that of being an interviewer to a great journal. The art of interviewing is not yet developed and systematized as it might be. Were I asked "What is the beginning of wisdom?" I should answer, "It is the art of asking questions." The world has had but one master of the art, and Socrates has had no successor. With foolish questioning most persons are familiar—wise questioning is a neglected study. The first interviewer who did me the honor to call upon me at the Hoffman House in New York, represented a Democratic paper of acknowledged position: being a stranger to the operation of interviewing, I first interviewed the interviewer, and put to him more questions than he put to me. When I came to read his report all my part in the proceedings recounted was left out. He no doubt knew best what would interest the readers of the journal he represented. I told him that an English gentleman of political repute was interested in an American

enterprise, and had asked me to go to north Alabama with a view to judge of its fitness for certain emigrants. I put the question to him whether in the South generally it mattered what an emigrant's political views were, if he was personally an addition to the industrial force and property of the place, observing incidentally that I saw somebody had just shot a doctor through the back, who had decided views about something. His answer has never passed from my memory. It was this: "Well, if a man will make his opinions prominent, what can he expect?" I answered, that might be rather hard on me, since though I might not make my opinions "prominent," they might be thought noticeable, and a censor with a Derringer might not discriminate in my favor.* This, however, did not deter me from going South. The yellow fever lay in my way at Memphis, and I did not feel as though I wanted the yellow fever. I was content with going near enough to it to fall in with people who had it, and who were fleeing from the infected city. No doubt the rapidity of my chatter upon strange topics did confuse some interviewers. Now and then I read a report of an interview, and did not know that it related to me until I read the title of it. One day I met a wandering English gentleman, who had just read an interview with me, when he exclaimed, "My dear Holyoake! how could you say that?" when I answered, "My dear Verdantson! how could you suppose I ever did say it?" When in remote cities I fell in with interviewers who were quite unfamiliar with my ways of thought and speech, I tried the experiment of saying exactly the opposite of what I meant. To my delight next day I found it had got turned upside down in the writer's mind, and came out exactly right. But I had to be careful with whom I did this, for most interviewers were very shrewd and skilful, and put me under great obligations for their rendering of what I said.† If English press

* We are not without experience somewhat of this kind in England. At Bolton, when Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., was lecturing there on the "Cost of the Crown," a very harmless subject, one of the royalists of the town hurled a brick through the window of the hall, intended for the speaker, which killed one of the audience. Sir Charles was merely "making his opinions prominent."

† The *Kansas City Times* published an "Interview with Gen. George Holyoake." This was discerning courtesy. Down there "difficulties" had often occurred, and a "general" being supposed to have pistollic acquirements, I was at once put upon a level with any emergency. It was in Kansas City, where a judge trying a murder case said to those present—"Gentlemen, the court wishes you would let somebody die a natural death down here, if only to show strangers what an excellent climate we have."

writers interviewed visitors from a country unfamiliar to them, they would make as many misconceptions as are ever met with in America. I have never known but two men, not Englishmen—Mazzini and Mr. G. W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*—who understood public affairs in England as we understand them ourselves. Even Louis Blanc is hardly their equal, though a rival in that rare art.

When leaving England I was asked by the Co-operative Guild of London to ascertain in my travels in America what were the conditions and opportunities of organizing co-operative emigration. As this was one of the applications of the co-operative principle meditated by the co-operators of 1830, and which has slept out of sight of this generation, I received the request with glad surprise, and undertook the commission.

Pricked by poverty and despair, great numbers of emigrant families go out alone. With slender means and slender knowledge, they are the prey, at every stage, of speculators, agents, and harpies. Many become penniless by the way, and never reach their intended place. They hang about the large cities, and increase the competition among workmen already too many there. Unwelcome, and unable to obtain work, they become a new burden on reluctant and overburdened local charity, and their lot is as deplorable as that from which they have fled. Those who hold out until they reach the land, ignorant of all local facts of soil, climate, or malaria, commence "to fight the wilderness"—a mighty, tongueless, obdurate, mysterious adversary, who gives you opulence if you conquer him—but a grave if he conquers you. What silence and solitude, what friendlessness and desolation, the first years bring! What distance from aid in sickness, what hardship if their stores are scant—what toil through pathless woods and swollen creeks to carry stock to market and bring back household goods! Loss of civilized intercourse, familiarity with danger, the determined persistence, the iron will, the animal struggle of the settler's life, half animalizes him also. No wonder we find the victor rich and rugged. The wonder is that refinement is as common in America as it is. Stout-hearted emigrants do succeed by themselves, and achieve marvellous prosperity. Nor would I discourage any from making the attempt. To mitigate the difficulties by devices of co-operative foresight is a

work of mercy and morality. It is not the object of the London Guild to incite emigration, nor determine its destination; but to enable any who want to emigrate to form an intelligent decision, and to aid them to carry it out with the greatest chances of personal and moral advantage. In New York I found there had lately been formed a "Co-operative Colony Aid Association" (represented by the *Worker*, published by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, and edited by the Rev. R. Heber Newton), of which Mr. E. E. Barnum, Dr. Felix Adler, Mr. E. V. Smalley, the Rev. Dr. Rylance, the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, Mr. Courtland Palmer, Joseph Seligman, the Hon. John Wheeler, and others were promoters. From inquiries in the city (which I, a stranger, thought it right to make) I found that these were persons whose names gave the society prestige. Mrs. Thompson was regarded in the States, as the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is in England, for her many discerning acts of munificence. To them I was indebted for the opportunity of addressing a remarkable audience in the Cooper Institute, New York—an audience which included journalists, authors, and thinkers on social questions, State Socialists, and Communists—an audience which only could be assembled in New York. The Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer presided. The object of the Colony Aid Association is to select and purchase land, devise the general arrangements of park, co-operative store, and school-house; erect simple dwellings, and provide food for the colonists until crops accrue; arrange for the conveyance of emigrants, from whatever land they come, to their intended settlement—providing them with escort and personal direction until they have mastered the conditions of their new life. The promoters take only a moderate interest upon the capital employed, affording these facilities of colonial life at cost price; acting themselves on the entirely wholesome rule of keeping their proceedings clear alike of profit and charity. There is no reason why emigration should not be as pleasant as an excursion, and competence rendered secure to all emigrants of industry, honesty, and common sense. It soon appeared to me that land-selling was a staple trade in America and Canada—that no person knew the whole of either country. From visits and letters I received from land-holders and agents, I doubted not that there were many honest among them. But unless you had much spare time for

inquiry, and were fortunate in being near those who knew them, it would be difficult to make out which the honest were. Evidently what was wanted was complete and trustworthy information, which everybody must know to be such. There was but one source whence this information could issue, and it seemed a duty to solicit it there. If information of general utility was to be obtained, it was obviously becoming in me, as an Englishman, first to ask it of the Canadian government, and for this reason I went over to Canada.

Canaan was nothing to Canada. Milk and honey are very well, but Canada has cream and peaches, grapes and wine. I went gathering grapes in Hamilton by moonlight—their flavor was excellent, and bunches abundant beyond imagination. The mayor of Hamilton did me the honor of showing me the fruits of Canada, on exhibition in a great fair then being held. Fruit-painters in water-colors should go to Canada. Hues so new, various, and brilliant have never been seen in an English exhibition of painters in water-colors. Nor was their beauty deceptive, for I was permitted to taste the fruit, when I found that its delicate hue was but an "outward sign of its inward" richness of flavor. It was unexpected to find the interior of the town hall of Hamilton imposing with grace of design, rich with the wood-carver's art, relieved by opulence of space and convenience of arrangement far exceeding anything observed in the Parliament houses of Ottawa or of Washington. The Parliamentary buildings of Canada, like those of the capital of Washington, are worthy of the great countries in which they stand; but were I a subject of the Dominion, or a citizen of the United States, I would go without one dinner a year in order to subscribe to a fund for paying wood-carvers to impart to the debating chambers a majestic sense of national durability associated with splendor of art. The State House of Washington and the library of the Parliament of Ottawa, have rooms possessing qualities which are not exceeded in London by any devoted to similar purposes. The dining-room of the Hotel Brunswick in Madison Square, New York, has a reflected beauty derived from its bright and verdant surroundings; with which its interior is coherent. But the Windsor Hotel of Montreal impressed me more than any other I saw. The entrance-hall, with its vast and graceful dome, gave a sense of space and dignity which the hotels of Chicago and Saratoga,

enormous as they are, lacked. The stormy lake of Ontario, its thousand islands, and its furious rapids, extending four hundred miles, with the American and Canadian shores on either hand, gave me an idea of the scenic glory of Canada, utterly at variance with the insipid rigor and frost-bound gloom which I had associated with the country. A visitor from America does not travel thirty miles into Canada without feeling that the shadow of the crown is there. Though there was manifestly less social liberty among the people, the civic and political independence of the Canadian cities seemed to me to equal that of the United States. The abounding courtesy of the press, and the cultivated charm of expression by the *Spectator* of Hamilton and the *Globe* of Toronto, were equal to anything I observed anywhere. And not less were the instances of private and official courtesy of the country.

At Ottawa I had the honor of an interview with the premier, Sir John Macdonald, at his private residence. The premier of Canada had the repute, I knew, of bearing a striking likeness to the late premier of England; but I was not prepared to find the resemblance so remarkable. Excepting that Sir John is less in stature than Lord Beaconsfield, persons who saw them apart might mistake one for the other. On presenting a letter from Mr. Witton (of Hamilton, a former member of the Canadian Parliament), myself and Mr. Charlton were admitted to an audience with Sir John, whom I found a gentleman of frank and courtly manners, who permitted me to believe that he would take into consideration the proposal I made to him, that the government of Canada should issue a blue-book upon the emigrant conditions of the entire Dominion, similar to those formerly given to us in England by Lord Clarendon "On the Condition of the Laboring Classes Abroad," furnishing details of the prospects of employment, settlement, education, tenure of land, climatic conditions, and the purchasing power of money. Sir John kindly undertook to receive from me, as soon as I should be able to draw it up, a scheme of particulars, similar to that which I prepared some years ago, at the request of Lord Clarendon. A speech of Lord Beaconsfield's was at that time much discussed by the American and Canadian press, as Sir John Macdonald had recently been on a visit to Lord Beaconsfield. Sir John explained to me in conversation that in the London reports

of Lord Beaconsfield's speech, there appeared the mistake of converting "wages of sixteen dollars per month" into "wages of sixteen shillings per day," and of describing emigration "west of the State" as emigration from the "Western States." This enabled me to point out to Sir John that if these misapprehensions could arise in the mind of one so acute as Lord Beaconsfield, as to information given by an authority so eminent and exact as Sir John himself, it showed how great was the need which the English public must feel of accurate and official information upon facts, with which they were necessarily unfamiliar. Afterwards I had the pleasure of dining with the minister of agriculture, the Hon. John Henry Pope. Both myself and my friend Mr. Charlton, who was also a guest, were struck with the Cobbett-like vigor of statement which characterized Mr. Pope. He explained the Canadian theory of protection as dispassionately as Cobden would that of free trade. Mr. Pope had himself, I found, caused to appear very valuable publications of great service to emigrants. He admitted, however, that there might be advantage in combining all the information in one book which would be universally accessible, and known to be responsible. I was struck by one remark of this minister worth repeating: "In Canada," he said, "we have but one enemy — cold, and he is a steady, but manageable adversary, for whose advent we can prepare and whose time of departure we know. While in America, malaria, ague, fluctuation of temperature are intermittent. Science and sanitary prevision will, in time, exterminate some dangers, while watchfulness will always be needed in regard to others."

Subsequently I thought it my duty to make a similar proposal to the government of Washington. Colonel Robert Ingersoll introduced me to Mr. Evarts, the secretary of state, who with the courtesy I had heard ascribed to him, gave immediate attention to the subject. Looking at me with his wise, penetrating eyes, he said, "You know, Mr. Holyoake, the difficulty the Federal government would have in obtaining the collective information you wish." Then he stated the difficulties with precision, showing that he instantly comprehended the scope of the proposed red-book; without at all suggesting that the difficulties were obstacles. So far as I could observe, an American statesman, of any quality, does not believe in "obstacles" to any meas-

ure of public utility. I was aware that the Federal government had no power to obtain from the different States reports of the kind required, but Mr. Evarts admitted that if he were to ask the governor of each State to furnish him with the information necessary for emigrant use, with a view to include it in an official account of the emigrant features of all the States, he would no doubt receive it. I undertook, on my return to England, to forward to him, after consulting with the Co-operative Guild, a scheme of the kind of red-book required. Mr. Evarts permitted me to observe that many persons, as he must well know, come to America and profess themselves dissatisfied. They find many things better than they could have hoped to find them, but since they were not what they expected, they were never reconciled. The remedy was to provide real information of the main things they would find. Then they would come intelligently if they came at all, and stay contented. General Mussey did me the favor of taking me to the White House, and introducing me to the president and Mrs. Hayes, where I had the opportunity also of meeting General Sherman, who readily conversed upon the subject of my visit, and made many observations very instructive to me. Mrs. Hayes is a very interesting lady, of engaging ways and remarkable animation of expression, quite free from excitement. She had been in Kansas with the president a few days before, and kindly remarked as something I should be glad to hear, that she found on the day they left that every colored person who had arrived there from the South was in some place of employment. The president had a bright, frank manner; and he listened with such a grace of patience to the nature and reason of the request I had made to Mr. Evarts, and which I asked him to sanction, if he approved of it, that I began to think that my pleasure at seeing him would end with my telling my story. He had, however, only taken time to hear entirely to what it amounted, when he explained his view of it with a sagacity and completeness and a width of illustration which surprised me. He described to me the different qualities of the various nationalities of emigrants in the States, expressing — what I had never heard any one do before — a very high opinion of the Welsh, whose good sense and success as colonists had come under his observation. Favorable opinions were expressed by leading journals in America upon the sug-

gestion above described. To some it seemed of such obvious utility that wonder was felt that it had never been made before. If its public usefulness continues apparent after due consideration, no doubt a book of the nature in question will be issued.

There is no law in America which permits co-operation to be commenced in the humble, unaided way in which it has arisen in England. When I pointed this out to the gentleman of the Colony Aid Association, the remark was made, "Then we will get a law for the purpose." In England, working men requiring an improvement in the law have thought themselves fortunate in living till the day when a member of Parliament could be induced to put a question on the subject; and the passing of a bill has been an expectation inherited by their children, and not always realized in their time. Emerson has related that when it was found that the pensions awarded to soldiers disabled in the war, or to the families of those who were killed, fell into the hands of unscrupulous "claim agents," a private policeman in New York conceived the plan of a new law which would enable every person entitled to the money to surely receive it. Obtaining leave of absence he went to Washington, and obtained, on his own representation, the passing of two acts which effected this reform. I found the policeman to be an old friend of mine, Mr. George S. McWatters, whom I found now to be an officer of customs in New York. An instance of this kind is unknown in this country. Emerson remarks that, "having freedom in America, this accessibility to legislators, and promptitude of redressing wrong, are the means by which it is sustained and extended."

Before leaving Washington, I thought it my duty to call at the British Embassy, and communicate to his Excellency Sir Edward Thornton particulars of the request I had made to the governments of Canada and of the United States; since if his Excellency should be able to approve of the object thereof, it would be an important recommendation of it. I pointed out to Sir Edward that "though public documents were issued by the departments of both governments, the classes most needing them knew neither how to collect or collate them, and reports of interested agents could not be wholly trusted; while a government will not lie, nor exaggerate, nor, but rarely, conceal the truth. Since the British government

do not discourage emigration, and cannot prevent it, it is better that our poor fellow-countrymen should be put in possession of information which will enable them to go out with their eyes open, instead of going out, as hitherto, with their eyes mostly shut." I ought to add here that the Canadian minister of agriculture has sent me several valuable works issued in the Dominion, and that the American government have presented me with many works of a like nature, and upwards of five hundred large maps of considerable value, all of which I have placed at the disposal of the Guild of Co-operation in London, for dispersion amid centres of working men, with whom the founder of the Guild, Mr. Hodgson Pratt, is in communication.

Because I admired many things in America, I did not learn to undervalue my own country, but came back thinking more highly of it on many accounts than I did before. Not a word escaped me which disparaged it. In Canada, as well as in America, I heard expressed the oddest ideas imaginable of the decadence of England. I always answered that John Bull was as sure-footed, if not quite so nimble, as Brother Jonathan; that England would always hold up its wilful head; and should the worse come to be very bad, Uncle Sam would superannuate England, and apportion it an annuity to enable it to live comfortably; doing this out of regard to the services John Bull did to his ancestors long ago, and for the goodwill the English people have shown Uncle Sam in their lucid intervals. As yet, I added, England has inexhaustible energies of its own. But lately it had Cobden with his passion for international prosperity; and John Stuart Mill with his passion for truth; it has still Bright with his passion for justice; Gladstone with his passion for conscience; and Lord Beaconsfield with his passion for—himself; and even that is generating in the people a new passion for democratic independence. The two worlds with one language will know how to move with equal greatness side by side. Besides the inexhaustible individuality and energy of Americans proper, the country is enriched by all the unrest and genius of Europe. I was not astonished that America was "big"—I knew that before. What I was astonished at was the inhabitants. Nature made the country; it is freedom which has made the people. I went there without prejudice, belonging to that class which cannot afford to have

prejudices. I went there not to see something which I expected to see, but to see what there was to be seen, what manner of people bestrode those mighty territories, and how they did it, and what they did it for; in what spirit, in what hope, and with what prospects. I never saw the human mind at large before acting on its own account — unhampered by prelate or king. Every error and every virtue strive there for mastery, but humanity has the best of the conflict, and progress is uppermost.

Co-operation, which substitutes evolution for revolution in securing competence to labor, may have a great career in the New World. In America the Germans have intelligence; the French brightness, the Welsh persistence, the Scotch that success which comes to all men who know how to lie in wait to serve. The Irish attract all sympathy to them by their humor of imagination and boundless capacity of discontent. The English maintain their steady purpose, and look with meditative, bovine eyes upon the novelties of life around them, wearing out the map of a new path with looking at it, before making up their mind to take it; but the fertile and adventurous American, when he condescends to give co-operation attention, will devise new applications of the principle unforeseen here. In America I received deputations from real State Socialists, but did not expect to find that some of them were Englishmen. But I knew them as belonging to that class of politicians at home who were always expecting something to be done for them, and who had not acquired the wholesome American instinct of doing something for themselves. Were State workshops established in that country, they would not have a single occupant in three months. New prospects open so rapidly in America, and so many people go in pursuit of them, that I met with men who had been in so many places that they seemed to have forgotten where they were born. If the bit of paternal government could be got into the mouth of an American, it would drop out in a day — he opens his mouth so often to give his opinion on things in general. The point which seemed to be of most interest to American thinkers, was that feature of co-operation which enables working men to acquire capital without having any, to save without diminishing any comfort, to grow rich by the accumulation of savings which they had never put by, through intercepting profits by economy in distri-

bution. Meditating self-employment by associative gains, English co-operators do not complain of employers who they think treat them unfairly, nor enter into defiant negotiations, nor make abject supplications for increase of wages; they take steps to supersede unpleasant employers. With steam transit ready for every man's service, with the boundless and fruitful fields of Australia, America, and Canada open to them, the policy of self-protection is to withdraw from those employers and places with whom or where no profitable business can be done. To dispute with capital which carries a sword is a needless and disastrous warfare, even if victory should attend the murderous struggle. Even the negro of the South has learned the wisdom of withdrawing himself. He has learned to fight without striking a blow; he leaves the masters who menace him. If he turned upon them he would be cut down without hesitation or mercy. By leaving them, their estates become worthless, and he causes his value to be perceived without the loss of a single life.

I learned in America two things never before apparent to me, and to which I never heard a reference at home: first, that the dispersion of unrequited workmen in Europe should be a primary principle of popular amelioration, which would compel greater changes in the quality of freedom and industrial equity than all the speculations of philosophers, or the measures of contending politicians; secondly, that the child of every poor man should be educated for an emigrant, and trained and imbued with a knowledge of unknown countries, and inspired with the spirit of adventure therein; and that all education is half worthless — is mere mockery of the poor child's fortune — which does not train him in physical strength, in the art of "fighting the wilderness," and such mechanical knowledge as shall conduce to success therein. I am for workmen being given whatever education gentlemen have, and including in it such instruction as shall make a youth so much of a carpenter and a farmer that he shall know how to clear ground, put up a log-house, and understand land, crops, and the management of live stock. Without this knowledge, a mechanic, or clerk, or even an M. A. of Oxford, is more helpless than a common farm-laborer, who cannot spell the name of the poor-house which sent him out. We have in Europe surplus population. Elsewhere lie rich and surplus acres. The new need of progress

is to transfer overcrowding workmen to the unoccupied prairies. Parents shrink from the idea of their sons having to leave their own country; but they have to do this when they become soldiers — the hateful agents of empire lately — carrying desolation and death among people as honest as themselves, but more unfortunate. Half the courage which leads young men to perish at Isandula, or on the rocks of Afghanistan, would turn into a paradise the wildest wilderness in the world of which they would become the proprietors. While honest men are doomed to linger anywhere in poverty and precariousness, this world is not fit for a gentleman to live in. Dives may have his purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day. I, for one, pray that the race of Dives may increase; but what I wish also is, that never more shall a Lazarus be found at his gates.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A LAY CONFSSIONAL.

(PLENARY INDULGENCE.)

THE BOX, Monday Evening.

DEAR E., — You are always interested in studio life and incidents, and as I have no news to tell you, instead of writing you a letter I have sketched an experience of this morning, and thrown it into a dramatic form, thinking it may amuse you. Don't try to guess the persons, and do not be deceived by its form into supposing this to be a play. It is only a series of scenes, without beginning, middle, or end — with only the unities of time and place, and perhaps a certain likeness of character, to recommend it, but making no pretence to completeness, and being purely fragmentary and episodal. Do not be disappointed that it ends in nothing. So many things do in real life. — Ever yours most faithfully,

VICTOR HELPS.

Dramatis Personæ.

VICTOR HELPS.

LADY SELINA MUNDANE.

LADY JANUS.

MARIETTA — a Model.

SCENE. — A painter's studio. The walls hung with old tapestries, and silks, and satin tissues. Étagères covered with vases, Venetian glasses, and bric-a-brac. A broad, faded, satin couch. Stuffs of every kind and hue scattered about. A tall cheval mirror. Tiger-skins on the floor. Sketches, portfolios, and half-

finished canvasses. Victor is seated at an easel painting Marietta.

VICTOR. What is that song that you are singing to yourself; is it not "La Donna Lombarda"?

MARIETTA. Sì, signore.

VIC. Ah! I thought it was. How it brings back the old Roman days when I was first beginning to paint! Dear old Rome! how I should like to see it again!

MAR. E bella, ma bella, Roma — non è vero, signore?

VIC. Davvero, I used to like its very dirt. I'm afraid it's been terribly cleaned up since it became the capital of Italy — eh, Marietta?

MAR. Che so io? Si dice.

VIC. Niccolina used always to be singing the "Donna Lombarda" while she sat to me: It was a great favorite of hers. I have not thought of it for years; and now that you hum it, it seems to bring back all Rome,

Donna Lombarda, perchè non mi ami?

Perchè ho marito! Se hai marito, falo morir.* That's the way it begins, isn't it?

MAR. Sì, signore.

VIC. How charmingly simple! how delightfully moral! "Se hai marito, falo morir." It is certainly a short way of getting rid of an obstacle to one's happiness.

MAR. Dunque le piace questa canzone? You like-a?

VIC. Immensaménte, morals and all. But speak English; I'm very lame with my Italian. Indeed I always was, and now I've almost entirely forgotten it. The Donna Lombarda follows the advice of her lover, and kills her husband, does she not?

MAR. Ma non, signore! You no remember. Her lover he tell her go down in garden, find-a serpente; pesta what you call crush-a his head for poison husband; and she go, as he say, and make-a bibita for drink-a, viz veleno of serpente — e poi ze husband he come "tutto sudato," all what you call sweaty, and ask-a drink-a. She give-a drink-a, e poi, la bambina in culla; come si dice bambina in culla?

VIC. The baby in the cradle.

MAR. Two, tree, four months old; she speak-a and dice, "Non lo prende. You no take-a, is poison." And he no take-a, and he very arrabiato; how you say, angry.

* Why, Lombard lady, do you not love me? Because I've a husband. If you've a husband, cause him to die.

Vic. And then he turns the tables and kills her, I suppose?

Mar. Credo; non mi remember. I suppose-a. Perché non?

Vic. Why not, indeed? It's quite primitive and natural. Have you a husband, Marietta?

Mar. Dio me ne guardi.

Vic. Perhaps you would treat him in the same manner if you did not like him and he treated you badly.

Mar. Oh, signore!

Vic. No! You're a good girl, I think, Marietta. You would grin and bear it, then, as the saying is — eh?

Mar. Non so, signore.

Vic. Sing me the "Donna Lombarda," will you?

(She sings it partly, and then breaks off, and says —)

Mar. I not know the rest. Basta così.

Vic. Many thanks. What a pretty air it is! But you have so many pretty songs in Italy; so many charming little "saluti" and "ritornelli," as you call them, I think. Do you know any of them?

Mar. Oh, tanti.

Vic. Sing me some, will you? Stop a moment. Turn your head a little more towards me, and sit a little further back. That's right. Now for the song.

Mar. Me sing-a little canzone traduced in Angleesh by Mossu Smitti, suo amico, quello lungo, colla barba rossa.

Vic. Who?

Mar. Signor Smitti, ze long man wiz red beard.

Vic. What! has Smith translated one? Oh, come, let me hear it.

(She sings.)

Flower of the Bean,

Oh the joys we have known, oh the days we have seen!

When Love sang, the world was so glad and so green,

O flower of the Bean!

Flower of the Brake,

Life had but one blossom; and oh, for your sake

I plucked it, and gave it! now let my heart break,

O flower of the Brake!

Flower of the Rose,

The rain ever rains, and the wind ever blows, And life since you left me has nothing but woes,

O flower of the Rose!

Flower of the Gorse,

All the love that I gave you comes back like a curse

No peace will be mine till I'm laid in my hearse,

O flower of the Gorse!

Vic. Those are very sad songs.

Mar. Sì, signore, davvero — sono triste, ma vere. Life is what you call trist sempre, — cioè, per noi altre femmine — for ze women, not for ze men.

Vic. Nonsense!

Mar. Ridete! You laugh. Eppure, ze men zey forget very easy; ze women zey remember very long, — zey suffer — ze men laugh.

Vic. Pho! Marietta — one would think, from your tone, that you had been ill-used and jilted by somebody.

Mar. Pazienza, signore.

Vic. Scusa.

Mar. Non c'è remedio, signore. Si sa.

Vic. I beg your pardon. I'm so sorry. I did not mean. Can I help you?

Mar. Grazie. When ze storm blows, ze ozier bows — when he no bow, he break. It is useless. When ze hail kill ze vine blossoms, zere will be no grapes. Out of a stone nobody can squeeze blood. Nemmeno Sansone — not even Samson. It is no use to cry. What was, was — and what is, is.

Vic. That is true philosophy.

Mar. I not know philosophy. But what I say is true — zat I know. He was bad man. He treat me very bad. No matter. I very aingry; zat's ze reason I cry.

Vic. I daresay he was not worthy of you.

Mar. He! no; he no heart. He sweet and grazioso outside; he smile-a and speak-a dolce parole — tutto sugo — all juice, as a peach-a with a stone for a heart.

Vic. It was lucky, perhaps, that you did not marry him. He might have made your life very unhappy.

Mar. Dat is what I say. But it is of no use. Ma il buon Dio lo punirà. Ze good God will punish him. Zat I know. Why punish me, and not him? Ma non. It is not so in zis world. Lascia andare. He no worth crying for. E un infame!

Vic. Don't think of him any more. I'm so sorry for you, but perhaps it is all best as it is.

Mar. He come under my window. He play his mandolina, and sing, —

Alla finestra affacciati,
Nenello di sto core.

And I was fool to listen, and to go to ze window; and he talk my heart out of me wiz dolce parole: and so it was. And mamma disse, "Tu sei stolta, Marietta — you are fool;" and I was fool. But he talk-a so sweet, I no believe; and he promise so fair, and I was ver young:

and so it was. And zen he deceive me, and go way, and he laugh at me; and he come no more to sing about my beautiful eyes — ah non! He sing to Nina, Nina la bella, ah lo credo, molto bella, because she was rich, and had belli coralli, and a dote of cinque cento scudi.

Vic. Did she marry him?

Mar. She! ah non! she laugh at him. Era fiera lei. She very proud. "Io mi marito con un signore, disse, non con te, disse — bah! I marry a signore, not a contadino — bah!" E lui si arrabbiò. He was very aingry, and he threaten her; and poi c'era una scena, e poi her brother interpose; and Antonio gli dava una coltellata; he stab her brother, but he no kill him; and he was imprigionata in ze prison. And wen I went to talk to him at the grillo, he menace me and cry, "Eri tu che m' hai fatto tutto. It was thou that did it all." Io! who never said a word. I try to disculp myself, but in vain; and then I cry, and he scream, "Vattene stolta, ti disprezzo;" and I go home and have a fever. And so when I was get well, zey tell me Antonio was gone away, and nobody know where. And I never see him after that, and I not know where he is; and now it is three years. But I am here wiz my father, and I make model for bread; and nobody I know to speak to me, and give me consolation.

Vic. I will write to Rome, and see if I can find out something about Antonio, if you like, and if you will give me his name and address. Most probably he went there.

Mar. Oh, grazie; but I know nothing, if he be in Rome or elsewhere — ah non! E inutile. E poi he detest me; e poi è un cattivo uomo — a bad man. No: I no want to hear of him no more. Magrazie, sa, per la sua bontà.

Vic. Well, think of it, Marietta; and if I can help you, I will, with pleasure. Think of it, and let me know.

Mar. Grazie.

(*Victor rises and throws down his palette and brushes.*)

Mar. Ha finito, signore?

Vic. Yes; it is impossible to paint in this light. You can go now; and come back to-morrow at ten — can you?

Mar. Sì, signore.

Vic. And remember, if I can do anything for you, I shall be glad to do it.

Mar. Grazie; dunque, a suoi comandi, a rivederla.

Vic. A rivederla.

(*MARIETTA goes out.*)

Vic. (alone). Poor Marietta! It is alliving age. VOL. XXXI 1584

ways the same old story. Who is heart-whole that has any heart? Who that lives does not suffer? What skeletons there are in every house! We artists are really almost as much confessors as clergymen and doctors; and I suppose we make much the same mess in giving advice and consolation. However, it is some consolation at least to empty one's heart at times, if only in words, into a sympathizing ear.

What a day! There is positively no light. The air is so cold and gnawing that it eats into one's very bones; and the wind moans through the panes like a despairing spirit. What shall I do? I cannot sit here and brood over my own thoughts. How lonely life is! Ah! if I could only — But let me not look back, or I shall grow melancholy as an owl.

Shall I go and see Clara — Lady Janus, I mean? I beg her pardon. No; it's her day of reception. I shall be sure to find her surrounded by fine ladies and dawdling men, and I'm in no humor for court intrigue and scandal and chatter.

Poor Clara! how she labors at her life like a galley-slave at his oar! and does it bring her all the harvest of happiness she seeks? No, no; I fear not. In her best nature she rebels at what her worldly ambition craves; and yet her ambition is so strong an instinct that it rules her life. What a strange double nature it is! one half artistic and ideal, one half positive and worldly. Full of passion, sentiment, and tender feeling, and yet so avid of social distinction, that she is ready to sacrifice even her happiness for it. Longing for rest, and yet constantly in action. Well, as far as her ambition is concerned, she ought to be satisfied; and yet she is not. No; for her heart cries out to be fed, and will not be contented with the husks and thistles the world offers her. She is envied; but those who are envied are not loved, and it is love she needs and craves. But with love alone she could never be contented, and that was all I had to offer, and it was useless to offer that. Did I make a mistake as far as her happiness is concerned? Well, no. But as far as mine is concerned — ah! that is another question, which I decline to answer. There is no use to regret; and nothing is so foolish as to look back and wish things were other than what they are.

Since I can't paint, let us see what there is to read. Ah! here is that new volume of poems by Ganda. Let me see what there is in it. A new book has always a

promise of something. First, a little more coal on the fire. That's it. Now for an hour of peace.

(Throws himself in his chaise-longue, and begins to cut the pages; reads at random—)

Above us, a passion-flower, opens the sky,
And the earth in its languor half closes its eye;
And Time is a cloudlet that passes us by,
And Love is a vision, and Life is a lie.

Now, does that mean anything?

And Love is a vision, and Life is a lie.
Tum de dum, diddle dum, diddle dum die.

It is like the jingle of a barrel-organ, but "so full of melody, you know," everybody says. Melody indeed! Twopenny-ha-penny melody, where the words have run away with the sense. *Wörte ohne Lieder*; or rather, *Wörte ohne everything*.

(Bell rings.)

Who can that be?

(Rises and opens the door—enter LADY SELINA MUNDANE.)

Oh, Lady Selina, is that you? Pray come in.

Lady S. You're sure I'm not intruding? You're sure I'm not interrupting one of your moments of inspiration?

Vic. I never have inspirations. I was bored to death by myself. Pray come in. It is too dark to work; and besides, I am perfectly stupid to day.

Lady S. Fie! not stupid; no one would accuse you of that but yourself. But I am so glad to find you unoccupied, for I want to ask your advice and assistance on a very important matter. Oh, you needn't look alarmed; it isn't anything very dreadful. But you're sure, you're really sure, that I'm not breaking in upon one of those grand inspirations? Oh, I know you artists; you always have such beautiful ideas and imaginations, that when we poor mortals, who haven't any, you know, come in, I dare say you wish we were in Jericho, don't you, now—really? Oh, you needn't say you don't.

Vic. But I do say so. My brain is as empty as a sucked eggshell, and a charming woman is always the best of all inspirations, and I am delighted to see you. Pray take a seat, here by the fire, and tell me how I can be of any service to you. There's nothing so pleasant as to give advice. It's so much pleasanter and easier than to take it.

Lady S. Well, you are the only person I know who can really advise me in this matter. I know you have such wonderfully good taste, and such talent at inven-

tion, that I have ventured to come to you; for I really don't know what to do by myself—and Sir John told me he knew you'd help me: and you must lay all the blame on his shoulders if I've done wrong.

Vic. I shall lay the blame on nobody's shoulders. It will be a pleasure to me to assist you if I can.

Lady S. Oh, you can if you choose. Well, it is this. You know I'm to have a costume-ball on the 18th (you got your card, I hope, and you mean to come, don't you? Oh, I'm so glad! I count on you). I've only a week before me now; and do you know, I'm still perfectly undecided about my costume. I can't make up my mind what would be best. It's perfectly dreadful. I've talked it over with all my friends, and with Sir John, and even spent days in looking over all the books of costumes; and this morning Sir John said, "Why don't you go and ask Mr. Hells? I'm sure he will be able to suggest something satisfactory." And you know I jumped at this; for you are so clever, I'm sure you'll be able to tell me the very thing I ought to wear.

Vic. Have you thought of anything?

Lady S. Oh, I've thought of so many things, that I'm quite worn out with thinking; for as soon as I've almost decided upon one thing, somebody or other urges me not to have it, because it will be unbecoming, or improper, or something, so that I have to give it up, and I am really *au bout de mes forces*. First I thought of an Egyptian dress, because it would be so strange and odd; but then I should be obliged to wear sandals and naked feet, and that was objected to. And then an old Greek dress was proposed; but I'm afraid of that too—and then there are always the sandals; and besides, the Egyptians were really too *décolleté*, and so were the Greeks. I wonder how they could go so; but I suppose it was the fashion. And then there was the Marquise dress; but that is so hackneyed, you know—one sees it everywhere—though one must admit that the powder is very becoming, when you're not really grey. And then there are the old Venetian dresses. They are very rich, of course; but I don't know—they look so queer and so bundled up, and I am afraid they would not suit my style. And then there are the old Elizabethan dresses, with farthingale and high ruff, and all that; but I think they are very ugly,—don't you? And then I thought of going as Night, with stars all about me, and dia-

monds. My diamonds are really fine, and I have several stars that I might wear on my head. But I don't know—what do you think?

Vic. There will be twenty Nights at the least at your ball, and your dress would certainly not be unique, as it ought to be.

Lady S. Yes, so I am told. But my diamond stars would come in well, wouldn't they? But what would you propose? Oh, do tell me!—that's a good man.

Vic. It is not so easy. Let me think. Something Oriental would suit you.

Lady S. Yes; that is what I first thought—but what?

Vic. Suppose you went as the Queen of Sheba.

Lady S. Oh dear me! That is quite a new idea. But I don't know what her dress would be. Would the stars come in?

Vic. Perfectly. You might wear them as a coronet round your head.

Lady S. Oh, capital! capital! What a clever man you are!

Vic. And then Sir John might go as Solomon—with a long beard and a sheik's robes.

Lady S. Oh, Sir John is going as Cæsar Borgia. He is decided. But have you any pictures of the Queen of Sheba?

Vic. I dare say I have. I will look over my books and portfolios, and see if I can find anything; of course it must be very rich and Oriental, with a long flowing veil; and you may arrange it with a great *agrafe* of diamonds; and put on all the jewels you have. They will all come in. I will make you a sketch, and bring it to you if you like, and explain it.

Lady S. Oh, thanks, so much, you know. If you only would be so kind.

Vic. I will think it out for you, and make you a sketch. But how goes on the ball? All the world of beauty and fashion will be there, of course.

Lady S. Oh yes; everybody is coming, I believe, except the Cabinet ministers, and I'm so vexed. They say it will not do for them to appear in masks and costumes. It would not be dignified, and would expose them to all sorts of satires and caricatures in *Punch*, and they would never hear the end of it. But I know who put that notion into their heads. It was Lady Janus. She is jealous of me, and wants to ruin my ball if she can; and there is no end to the intrigues she has entered into to prevent them from coming. She first convinced her husband, and he and she then convinced them all; and it has been done purely to spite me.

I'm sure I should think she might be satisfied with what she has got, without trying to take everything from everybody. She does, she really does, you know. I never saw such a woman.

Vic. Oh, I think you are quite mistaken. I will answer for it with my life that she is incapable of such pettiness.

Lady S. Oh, but I know she has. Everybody says she has, and it's just like her.

Vic. Oh no; you do her great injustice.

Lady S. Well, then, who could have put such a stupid idea into their heads?

Vic. They themselves, probably.

Lady S. No; I cannot believe that. Why should they not come in costume? You can't imagine how vexed I am. I went to Lady Janus this morning, and I told her pretty plainly what I thought, for I do consider it very unkind of her.

Vic. And what did she say? Did not she deny it?

Lady S. Oh, of course. She said she had never done anything of the kind, and that she was exceedingly interested that my ball should be a great success. But she had to admit that she thought they were right not to appear in costume. So you see, after all, it was owing to her influence that they have refused to come.

Vic. No; I am sure you are mistaken. If you like, I will go and see her, and talk it over with her.

Lady S. Oh, do! It would be so kind. I really do hope that she will not be so disagreeable as to try to do me such an injury.

Vic. Be sure of it, and leave it to me.

Lady S. I'm so much obliged to you for all you offer to do (*rising*). And I will trust you entirely. But I must not keep you any longer from your beautiful work; and you will send me the sketch, won't you? So here you are among all your wonderful creations. How I envy you artists! I should like to stop and spend hours in looking at them; but I suppose I must go now. You will let me come back again another time, won't you, when I shall not disturb you, to admire your pictures? Oh, you artists! you artists! what a delightful life you lead—without any of the vexations we have! That is a pretty piece of embroidery—lovely! Oriental, isn't it? And you've such a quantity of pretty things—quite gems. I wish I had time to examine them. And such ceramics—or ceramics I believe they call them now,—but why, I don't know. What a nice old chair! Where

do you pick up such pretty things? So you won't forget to send the sketch, will you?

Vic. Depend on me.

Lady S. And do persuade Lady Janus not to spoil my ball, and — what was I going to say? No matter; I'm so much obliged to you. Yes — really. The Queen of Sheba — that does sound very nice, very nice indeed. And we shall depend on seeing you. Have you your costume? Titian?

Vic. Oh no; that's a secret.

Lady S. Oh dear! Then I must not be indiscreet. Well, good-bye, — a thousand thanks. Don't trouble yourself. What a charming frame! Good-bye — *au revoir*. I'm so busy, you know. Oh, there is a perfect piece of Oriental satin! That would come in well for some sort of costume, wouldn't it? But I shall be tempted to carry away some of your treasures if I look at them any longer. Only think, after all our discussions you have hit off the very thing. What a clever man you are! The Queen of Sheba! Oriental — and my diamonds will really come in very well. Horrid day, isn't it? It's really quite unbearable. Well, *au revoir*, and a thousand thanks, you know. *(Goes out.)*

Vic. (alone). Ouf, ouf, ouf! What a woman! What a tongue! Poor Sir John! what must life be with her perpetually at one's side — buzzing all day long, like a fly against a pane of glass! Poor Lady Janus! how she must have suffered under that interview this morning! But one must pay penalties for high positions. If fruit grows on high trees, the world will, of course, throw stones at it.

Well; let me see if I can get anything else out of Ganda's poems. He's an excellent fellow, but it's a pity he —

(Bell rings and VICTOR goes to the door. Enter LADY JANUS.)

Vic. (surprised). Lady Janus!

Lady J. Oh, my dear friend, let me take refuge here with you!

Vic. What is the matter? Has anything happened?

Lady J. Nothing — everything. Oh, here at least there is peace — here there is repose! I am vexed — I am tired to death of life and the world. Let me stay here a little while — will you? You can go on with your work. I will be quite still — that is, I will try to be.

Vic. My dear Lady Janus, what can I do for you? what has occurred to vex you?

Lady J. What is always occurring. Is there anything new in it? It is always the same thing. The tread-wheel always goes round, and I must keep it going. I am tired of life — tired of the world — tired of myself. When will it end? when shall I find peace?

Vic. Be calm, Clara. Here, take this seat. Let me draw it near to the fire. There. Pray be calm. Tears! why these tears?

Lady J. Let me weep. I am nervous — I am over-excited. Nothing particular has happened; but I must cry. It helps me. You don't mind it, do you? Forgive me. I have been smiling so long with that rapid smile of pretence, that I am sick at heart. It will not do for me to weep anywhere, and sometimes I feel that I can resist no longer. Smiles, smiles — compliments, inanities, phrases — words that mean nothing — lies, lies; it is all lies. How long shall I be able to go on thus? Oh, here at last let me break out, and give vent to all that troubles me within. You must not mind me.

Vic. Weep, if it relieves you. Say nothing, or say all, as you will. Treat me as an old friend who only desires to help you. Confide in me. Whatever you say, it will be as if you said it to no one but yourself. I understand. I think you know you can trust me.

Lady J. Oh yes, I am sure of that, or I should never have come. But there are times when one cannot help rebelling against the false masking of life, and when one must break out or die. O heaven! shall I never be able to lead a tranquil life — a serene life — a life such as you, for instance, can command, outside of all these *tracasseries* — these irritations — falsehoods of society? Society indeed! How I hate the very word! all is so vile, so mean, so selfish. One must coin one's lips to pretty sayings, and profess so much when one feels so little. What do I really care for all the ambitions and vanities of the world? What are they worth, after all, when one has toiled and gained what are called the prizes? One cries after a crown, and it makes one's head ache to wear it. Why must I lead such a worthless life? I, who only want peace, and long days of devotion to something ideal that feeds the heart. Oh to be away out of this, — far, far in some secluded place with quiet — with love — with happy, simple interests!

Vic. I'm afraid you would tire of that too, after a time.

Lady F. Oh no. How little you know me! You think I am ambitious. Well, so I am; but not for a public rôle. What does it all bring of solid and real satisfaction? Nothing. What do I care who is minister, and who shall have this post, and who that? What do I care to have people bowing and kotooing before me, and pointing me out, and pretending to court me—all for what they can get? There is no real heart in it. All these intrigues disgust me. I was not made for them.

Vic. Ah, well, you strive to do too much, and you don't take it quietly enough. Of course, there are reactions; but you have compensations. You would not be happy if you were utterly outside what is called the world.

Lady F. Everybody has his say against me. Try all I can, I can never make things go right. There is always something wrong—in the household, in politics, in society, everywhere. As soon as I wake in the morning it begins. I must have the cook in to discuss the dinner, and I must arrange who shall be asked. What do I care for the dinner, or the people who eat it? Then comes the butler for this, and the housekeeper for that; and how would my lady like this? and how would my lady like that? And when these petty irritations and necessities of daily life are over, Lady One and Mrs. Tother are waiting to see me; and each has her little petition—her concert, or ball, or subscription, or something—which I must advise about and help. Then Mrs. Somebody comes to urge the claims of her husband, or brother, or cousin for some office. Oh, I must do it. A word from me will do everything. Could I prevail upon my husband to interest himself? If I do for one, the other hates me. But how can I do for everybody? Think of it! This very morning Selina Mundane rushes in upon me, and must see me. She has heard that I have been intriguing to prevent the ministers from going in costume to her costume-ball—all a lie, of course; and she falls to weeping and sobbing, good heavens, as if she had lost a child! and all because I cannot, you know I cannot, urge Janus to go in costume and play the buffoon, and make himself ridiculous before all the world, for his enemies to point at him and deride him. With all the responsibilities and cares of his position, how can he go and play the fool at her ball? And all for what? Just because, in her petty little mind, her ball is the one thing in the

world at present. I'm sure I wish her well. I hope it will be a great success. I would do anything I could to help her, but this I cannot do. What would the opposition say? What sarcasms, what caricatures, would appear in the papers! And because I will not expose my husband to this, Selina Mundane comes and weeps, and accuses me, and makes a great scene, until I am so worn out that I said, "Janus, help me, or I shall go mad." Poor Frederick! I must plague him too, and he has now more on his shoulders than he can bear. What can he do, poor man, if he has all these petty bothers in addition?

Vic. Ah yes. You have too many responsibilities, and you in your good heart try to do too much. You take things too hard.

Lady F. I suppose I do; but I was born so. I was never meant for such a life.

Vic. Nobody could do your duties better or so well. You are admirable; you are devoted; you have the kindest heart and the readiest hand, and a true desire to serve everybody. But it is impossible to content all. How you manage to steer so skilfully through all the currents of society without running aground is a mystery to me. Anybody else would make shipwreck, but I only hear praises of you. All lives have their troubles, and we must forget them if we cannot avoid them. If you had a colder heart and a less susceptible nature you would feel these troubles less; but, on the other hand, you would lose the compensations—for instance, those of art.

Lady F. That is true. Think, yesterday morning Gossoff came and played to me an hour; and then all life seemed so light, the clouds cleared away, and there was not an ounce's weight on my heart. I was really carried away into an ideal world, and forgot everything; and then came Selina Mundane this morning to spoil it all. Ah, how calm you are here! no noise, no intrigues—all is peaceful. How I envy you! There are no Lady Selinas to vex you here.

Vic. Oh, I beg your pardon. She was here half an hour ago, and she told me the whole story of her ball, and of the ministers refusing to come, all on account of you. But I told her that was all folly, and I promised her a sketch of a costume, and she went away quite composed.

Lady F. Really! She came to you! How strange! Well, you can tell her when she comes again that I will do any-

thing for her, except to persuade the ministers to go in costume.

Vic. Ah! But don't let us think any more about her. I merely meant to say that we artists too have our Lady Selinas, and worse. Don't think it is always easy and serene even here. We have our black days too.

Lady J. Yes, yes, doubtless; but not like mine. You are not a slave. You can rave and rage to your heart's content; but I must feign and smile and play a part always.

Vic. It is sometimes amusing to play a part—particularly when one does it well, as you do. It is more exciting to drive a skittish four-in-hand from a high box, with the world looking on in admiration, than to prod along a donkey, as some are forced to do.

Lady J. Prodding along a donkey is sometimes amusing.

Vic. Sometimes, perhaps, but not as a rule. I doubt if you would like it as an occupation. I admit that to a nature like yours the intrigues of politics, and the exigencies of the world and society, must at times be irritating; but, after all, you would not be quite happy in exile from public life. You like the game you play on the whole, and you play it well,—and confess, it has its pleasures.

Lady J. I will not say that it has not. The sense of power is always pleasant. It is better to drive than to be driven, but the cost of it is very great; and then, to be so misunderstood—to be open to such stabs in the dark—to be exposed to such bitter and unfounded accusations, after one has done one's best!

Vic. You should laugh at them.

Lady J. That's very easy to say. The laughing would be like that of the Spartan boy with a fox under his arm biting him all the while.

Vic. He liked it.

Lady J. Did he?

Vic. Yes. He was conquering a difficulty. He was successfully playing a part. That is always a pleasure.

Lady J. Does it pay for the suffering?

Vic. That depends on the sufferer.

Lady J. What is the use of life except to give us happiness?

Vic. What is happiness? It is a mere matter of the scales, and which outweighs the other. Of course, there is always something in both.

Lady J. And at times you must confess the wrong scale goes down, as it does with me now. I dare say it all seems very despicable and unheroic to you, but

there are times when there is no vent to accumulated feelings but tears. It is our woman's solace. I suppose you never yield to such weaknesses: and to-day I had to cry, and I had to pour out my griefs to somebody; and so, as you are an old friend, I thought you would forgive me. You see, Janus is so different; and then I dislike so to trouble him, poor man! He is so calm of nature, that he would not understand it, you know. He tries to understand me, and to help me; but when I get into a state of excitement, and want sympathy, to talk to him is as if a furious wave in all the turbulence of its passion dashed itself against a rock. So I came here.

Vic. I thank you. It was a proof of confidence that I deeply feel. You may be sure of my sympathy. We have known each other a long time. I know what you feel. It has been good for you to cry it out; and now it is good for you to smile. Never is the sunshine so sweet as when it breaks through a cloud.

Lady J. Yes; you know what I feel, for you are an artist. You live in another world, in a little paradise, it seems to me, with ideal persons and fancies. You can evoke the sunshine, and play with the storm, for they are not real to you; and when real life annoys you, you can always retire into your ideal world. But I have no such resource, no such refuge. Not that I am afraid to encounter a real storm. No; if it were only once in a while, I could meet it, and struggle with it, and brave it. It is not this, it is the constant irritation, the petty intrigues, the little rasping troubles, that spoil life by their constant wearing. Violent passion one can pardon, but not perpetual nagging. It is like being bitten to death by vermin, eaten by ants.

Vic. Don't think about it. As for Lady Selina, I will see her, and set all that matter right; and as for the rest, count upon my affection as much as you will—you never will count too much.

Lady J. Thanks, thanks! You have already done me so much good. I have had my cry out, and I am calmer; I am quite calm indeed. How much a little word in the right place and time can do! I am afraid I have been very foolish. Will you forgive me?

Vic. There is nothing to forgive. There is everything to be grateful for. You have shown me a confidence which tempts me almost to — No matter. (*Rises and walks across the studio, pauses, and then returns.*) But it is all over now.

Smile — let me see you smile. Take heart, if you don't wish to see me break down. Take heart; help me, for I too have something to bear, as you know. But you see I bear it. I say nothing.

Lady F. No. You have always been too kind, too good. You have never taken advantage of my weakness — of my folly.

Vic. Do you remember? No, it's of no use to remember; though it is impossible to forget, Clara.

Lady F. Victor!

(*A pause.*)

Vic. Let us say no more. What a gloomy day it is!

Lady F. You have forgiven me? I thought you had forgiven me.

Vic. There is nothing to forgive. I was unfortunate. That is all.

Lady F. Ah, if you only knew! But what is the use of explanation? We should only make things worse. How different all might have been if, if — well — if they were not as they are!

Vic. You would not have been happier on the whole. I am not such a fool as to think that. I should have been, not you. If all had been different, I should have been — well — different too. But where is the use of regretting? There is no reclaiming the past: when one's cup is broken, it is broken; when one's wine is spilt, it is lost. Stop! let me show you two pictures.

Lady F. Would it be well for me to see them?

Vic. No; on the whole, I will not show them to you. They are only reminiscences.

Lady F. Let me see them.

Vic. Not now; another time.

Lady F. Now, now.

Vic. (*Goes and takes out a picture, and places it on the easel.*) There is one picture. It is a wood, as you see, and a silent pathway leads down among the thronging green trees. It is morning in June. Soft sunlight and shadow dapple the sward, and glint against the smooth beech-trunks, catching here and there sprays of wild roses that stretch out into the light. You do not hear the birds singing, but they are there; I hear them. Their song is of love. The world has not wandered that way; but nature is there, and love. Over that green slope enamelled with flowers droop low branches, and a little breeze is stirring in the leaves; and there two figures are sitting, while a stream babbles musically at their feet. They do not speak; only the whispering voices of nature, and the song of

birds, stir the dreamy silence. But there, to one at least of those figures, is the centre of the universe. There is hope, and the divine dream of love, that transfigures all things. She is half turned away. He is gazing at her. They are both dreaming. They have been painting, but at this moment their brushes and colors are dropped on the grass. There is something going to be said, but it is not yet said. The whole world is waiting for it. What will he say? What will she answer? Will they ever paint there again? All this was in the mind of the artist who painted it, but it needs the imagination to supply the great voids of expression. What will be the answer, think you?

Lady F. Ah, Victor, you have not forgiven!

Vic. That is one picture. Here is the other — the pendant. Would you like to see that also, since you have seen the first?

Lady F. Oh, the first is enough. I do not wish to see the other. Better let me imagine that.

Vic. Yes; you must do me the favor to see the pendant. It is not without interest.

Lady F. Show it to me, then. It is written, as it seems, that I must see it. If it please you, I cannot refuse.

Vic. (*Places it on the easel.*) There! The season has changed. It is late autumn. A drought is over all. A storm has passed that way, and scattered the roses and broken down one of the main branches from the principal tree. The stream has dried up, and bubbles no longer; the grass is withered, the flowers dead. The sunshine is shrouded; twilight is coming on; and a grey, monotonous veil of cloud covers the sky. A figure is seated there alone. His head is buried in his hands. You cannot see his face. A snake is crawling through the grass around that rock, and lifting its quivering head. On a dead branch a melancholy owl is seated above. His plaintive note is all that breaks the stillness — the lark and the nightingale have long since fled. The wind stirs sadly in the trees and moans among the dead leaves. The sear leaves that are left on the beeches are slowly dropping. There is a smell of mouldy earth pervading the air. Over all is a sense of regret — useless regret for what cannot be undone, for what is gone beyond recall — useless but inevitable as long as life goes on.

Lady F. Ah yes! it is inevitable.

Vic. Perhaps.

Lady F. How perhaps? Is it not sure?

Vic. Life is what we choose to make of it; we have it always in our hands to shape—it is plastic to our use.

Lady F. Perhaps.

Vic. How perhaps?

Lady F. No; destinies shape themselves. What is past, indeed, we cannot recall; but accidents mould events and beget mistakes, terrible mistakes sometimes, that nothing can remedy. There is much that is only too true in the ancient idea of fate, against which it is useless to strive. What is lost is lost. We have to pay the penalty of our folly, even though we could not act otherwise, constrained by fate.

Vic. We make mistakes with the best intentions, and we often shut our ears to the counsels of our better genius. But there is always one thing left to us at least, and that is to make the best of what remains. What might have been, who knows? All we can say is, that it is not.

Lady F. And if it were? If one could take all back and begin again?

Vic. New mistakes—new blunders. Who knows where any path leads until one has trod it to the end? In life, for the most part, we break the deep and clear silences of feeling with noise and clatter, and call it pleasure.

Lady F. Nothing is what it ought to be—nothing is what we wish it to be. Whatever we have seems worthless—whatever we desire seems precious. We lose our way so easily in the track of life, among its tortuous thickets; and a seductive path too often leads us to a quagmire or a precipice, and we know not the way back.

Vic. There is no way back. The path of life closes up behind us, and loses itself and is obliterated. There is no going back.

Lady F. Save in one's thoughts, and then nothing is so dear as what we have lost. What is past and lost has a consecration that nothing we own in the present can have. The present is a hard fact, and the past a tender regret. We are never satisfied. Something has gone or something is to come which did or will crown our life. We struggle on—we laugh and pretend to be happy; but the laugh is hollow and the happiness a sham. Nothing is really good but love and art.

(Bell rings—VICTOR opens—enter Servant.)

Serv. I beg your pardon, Mr. Helps,

but Lord Janus is below in the carriage, and wishes to know if Lady Janus is here, and if she would like him to take her home.

Lady F. Tell him I will come immediately.

(Exit Servant.)

Lady F. You see here has been an oasis of ideality; now for the desert of reality—for the false smiles again, the vapid enjoyment, the intrigues, the business of life. Farewell, dear dreamland—dear land of the impossible? Farewell, Victor! It is well that we were interrupted as we were—all is inevitable. Let us bear it.

Vic. When will you come again?

Lady F. When life becomes intolerable, and I long for consolation, and can bear the world no longer. Farewell! You have calmed me, but you have made me very unhappy too—unhappy in the good sense of the word. But it is not well for either of us to wander too often into the past. Try to think well of me. We have been in another world, and, perhaps, a forbidden one; but how could we help it? Farewell, dear friend! do not forget me, and, if you can, forgive me.

(Exit LADY JANUS.)

Vic. Dear Clara!

From The Spectator.

THE DECLINE OF HYPOCRISY.

WE observed last week that the old charge against the Quakers of being a parcel of hypocrites had almost disappeared. Nobody now sees any humor in depicting the Friends as men who only affect to believe in non-resistance, while in reality cruelly tenacious of their rights, or as concealing laxity of morals under an appearance of severity, or as using a special garb and dialect in order to cover unusual dishonesty and greed. The sect is reproached very often with over-care for respectability and over-desire of wealth, but it is no longer accused of securing either by hypocritical conduct. The Quakers of fiction are nowadays men rather more disinterested than the majority, and the Quaker of the drama is usually a sort of philanthropic providence. Much, perhaps most, of this change, is due, of course, to the change of public feeling in regard to Quakerism itself, which is no longer considered ultra-heretical; but some of it arises from another cause,—a very curious and notable de-

cline in the public readiness to suspect hypocrisy. A very few years ago, not half a century, this suspicion was, by certain classes, perpetually expressed, both publicly and in society, in every variety of form; and there is no reason to believe that it was only assumed, though it may have been purposely exaggerated in expression. A section of the public did really believe that every Catholic priest used the confessional for seduction, that every Dissenting minister was either a drinker, a cheat, or a man practising a poor profession for gain only, and that every "professor," as the Evangelicals styled him, was a debauchee. Comic literature, especially pictorial literature, was almost based on those assumptions, which were so popular with the mob, that the ducking of a preacher or a "Methody" struck them as being only a fair penalty for habitual lying and deceitfulness. That was not all the protest of laxity against strictness, but of laxity against an appearance of strictness which it honestly believed to be put on for gain of some kind. You can trace the tone of the old humorists as well as much personal prejudice in Charles Dickens's stories, where the delineations of Stiggins and Chadband struck his readers not only as exquisite jests, but as useful exposures; and in Mrs. Trollope's "Vicar of Wrexhill," where the Evangelical clergyman is depicted not only as a hypocrite in life, but entirely devoid of belief in his own system. Caricatures of that kind would not now succeed in eliciting even a laugh, and this not from any diminution of dislike for the people depicted. Stiggins, if less hated, is more despised than he was, and the vicar would stand a very strong chance indeed of a term of imprisonment. The world is no more tolerant of extreme profession than it was, and has even an increased distaste for sectarian dialects; but it has altered its view as to the origin of such habitudes, and calls men of eccentric religious ways "fanatics," instead of "hypocrites." The Methodist preachers would not be ducked now, but placed under a microscope, and their characters, their powers, and their modes of electrifying sinners described with complete but most irritating fairness. Had Colonel Gordon, for example, written his extraordinary letters to the Bombay papers forty years ago, he would have been summarily set down as a pretender, who was seeking and concealing some private end, most probably a bad one. To-day, though just as many as before pronounce him a fool,

the public understands that he is sincere, sees that his capacity is unaffected by his religious vehemence, and only pronounces him narrow-minded on religion, and probably a little self-deceived.

The change is a very great one, and it has, we believe, apart from an assumed increase of tolerance, which is not altogether well-founded, though intolerance has taken a different direction, two main causes. One of these, which is rarely noticed, but which we believe to be very real indeed, is an increase in the general perception and comprehension of varieties of character. Ordinary men move much more about than they did, come into contact with many more people than they did, and—most marked change of all, though townsmen will not at once acknowledge it—converse much more readily than they did. They read a great deal more, and especially they read more fiction, which, with many incidental drawbacks, has the effect of widening very extensively their conceptions of possible varieties of character, of habits and ways of thought. They have become aware of those "faults" which exist in intellectual character, as in geology, and no longer insist that the keen man who will quote texts must be a hypocrite, because otherwise such a weakness would be unaccountable. The body of the people has, in fact, attained in part to a form of knowledge once nearly confined to the few men rich enough or well placed enough to enjoy a varied society; and with the knowledge has come not only tolerance, but increased perception. They see more accurately,—perceive, for example, that the profession of religion in its more "decided" forms, while it does not mean quite so much as the professor thinks it does, usually does mean a good deal, and a good deal perfectly consistent with an ordinarily sincere and upright character. They perceive, too, what our grandfathers seem scarcely to have perceived at all,—that character is very often shot, as it were, with separate and distinctive threads, and that a perfectly ordinary man may have on certain sides of his mind, and especially therefore on the religious side, an extreme and abnormal vehemence. Recognizing that, they abandon the old explanation of hypocrisy, and only declare that about such and such questions Mr. Smith is just a little "gone." It does not occur to them to distrust him on that account, any more than it occurs to a diplomatist to distrust the polished gentleman he is talking to because he suddenly

finds him a fanatical Ultramontane or a far-gone Socialist. He is quite aware that such things are, that men have strange ravines and hills and chasms in their minds, and brings no accusation, therefore, any more than if his interlocutor suddenly betrayed some remarkable failure of aesthetic taste, — an abhorrence of music, for example. The public have not attained to that level yet, but they are attaining it, and with their rise their chronic suspicion of hypocrisy is departing. The man who habitually puts his faith forward out of season may be, they think, a hypocrite, but is much more likely to be a man who lacks on that subject self-restraint, or a full sense of proportion. Curiously enough, the suspicion remains strongest upon the negative side. One of the many causes which induce British Philistines, in Parliament and out of it, to refuse to atheists the toleration they accord to all other religious views, is a rooted belief that atheists are hypocrites, — that they are not denying God, but defying God; that nobody ever did disbelieve wholly in a supernatural power, and that consequently he who says he does is a hypocrite, pretending to be freer than he is. He is a hypocrite as a man is who, with an inner reverence for kingship, professes hot republicanism. On the Continent, where atheism is more common, that especial form of suspicion is rare; and it will decay here, as men perceive that this also is one of the vehement opinions men otherwise very ordinary sometimes hold. As for a costume or a dialect, that is only a "way," and indicates nothing except a wish to announce very publicly the views that the wearer or the speaker entertains.

The second cause is, we imagine — though on this subject we write with the reserve that no man or group of men can be quite sufficiently experienced for a final opinion — a decided decline in the practice of hypocrisy itself. It does not pay so well as it did. An individual may still, and very often does, practise hypocrisy towards an individual whom he thinks he understands, and can therefore deceive; but he fears to practise it towards the public, or even that section of the public which specially esteems the character he is enacting. It is not so much that the public is shrewder, and will find him out, as that it will reason differently about him before he is found out. The reward of his trouble and self-suppression will be much less. If, for instance, he affects asceticism, the public may believe

him an ascetic, yet not draw the deduction he wishes, — that he is utterly disinterested. "No," it will say, "all ascetics are not disinterested, though some are; he may be so or not, — asceticism does not prove it. He may like asceticism best, and strive unfairly for money as a power all the same." Average men of the former generation did not quite know that that type existed, and were forced as it were to decide either that the ascetic was wholly disinterested all through, and therefore to trust him, or that he was a hypocrite. As they did not trust him all through, they bluntly decided that his asceticism was merely an hypocrisy. Now they distrust, but consider the asceticism by itself. The growth of perception which enables men to perceive that other men, ordinary in speech, habit, and ways, may be deeply religious men, has released the pious from a certain temptation to affect devotion, and at the same time has deprived the hypocrite of the advantage he expected from the affectation. When the man next you at dinner, exactly like everybody else, may be the most energetic of Calvinists or of Ultramontanes, the benefit of pretending to be either, of acting a part through life, has perceptibly declined. You will no longer be thought exceptionally devoted, but only exceptionally wanting in reticence or manners. A banker is no longer especially trusted because he is specially "strict." He is not pronounced a hypocrite on account of his strictness, but his strictness is considered by itself as a specialty of his character very little affecting, or not affecting, your chances of getting deposits back out of his hands. In remote country districts and among very separated religious communities, a particular profession, no doubt, still tells heavily; but it tells, we imagine, more because the clients think their banker, or lawyer, or goods-supplier sympathizes with them on an exceptional subject which fills a large part of their lives, than because they think him, because of his profession, specially trustworthy. If it is otherwise, then our case is proved, hypocrisy being more or less profitable, according to the isolation of the community, and its consequent ignorance of character. We suspect, however, that in our modern world a Quaker grocer prefers to buy sugar from a Quaker in Mincing Lane rather on account of their common Quakerism, than because he thinks a Quaker more certain to give him sugar up to sample. Hypocrisy, we fancy, pays less than it

did, owing to the increasing perception of average men that exceptional profession, even when sincere, is not so complete a guarantee of general character as it used to be thought; and as it pays less well, is less practised. Of course, there is plenty of hypocrisy still, but it more rarely takes the old and brutal form of direct simulation for purposes of gain. The most frequent of the hypocrisies now is the affectation of good-feeling by the callous and self-seeking, and that is, perhaps, the easiest of all to detect. It requires to be supported by acts which are rarely forthcoming.

From The Popular Science Review.

THE HARDENING AND TEMPERING OF STEEL.

AN announcement was made some time ago that the Institution of Mechanical Engineers had resolved to devote a sum of money to experimental research on mechanical questions. The first-fruits of this resolution have since appeared in the shape of a first report on each of the three subjects selected by the council for examination, viz., the hardening, tempering, and annealing of steel; the best form of riveted joints; and friction between solid bodies at high velocities.

It will be seen that these subjects are all of great importance, and that two at least—the first and the last—possess a scientific as well as a practical interest. The reports upon them do not describe any new experiments actually undertaken by the Institution. They are preliminary and historical; giving a digest of the theories that have been broached, and the experiments that have been made, by former laborers in each subject, and going on to point out wherein these are imperfect, and what remains to be done in order to achieve in each case the final solution of the problem. This historical element is itself of much interest, as showing the mode in which such questions have been attacked, both from the theoretical and the practical side; and we regret that our limits do not allow us to reproduce the reports *in extenso*. We must, however, content ourselves at present with a short *résumé* of the first subject on the list, viz., the hardening, tempering, and annealing of steel; pointing out first its essential features, and then noticing the light which is thrown upon it by the report in question.

The facts relating to this subject are extremely well known, and are continually acted upon; their importance is almost unique. Probably there is hardly a known process, scientific, surgical, mechanical, or industrial, which does not at some stage depend for its success on the use of properly tempered steel tools. It seems strange, therefore, that the theory of the subject should be in a state of the utmost uncertainty and confusion; and that even the direct experiments made to elucidate it should have been very few. We believe we are right in saying that for some years the subject had the joint attention of two such minds as those of Faraday and James Nasmyth; but the results obtained were not considered sufficiently important to warrant their publication. It will be seen, therefore, that the question is eminently worthy of thorough scientific examination.

We will first state, as briefly as possible, the main facts of the case. We shall confine ourselves to "hard" steel, such as is used for tools, containing not less than say one-half per cent. of carbon; with "mild" steel, containing a smaller quantity, the phenomena are different. Hard steel, as produced mainly by the cementation process, can be hardened by being raised to a high temperature, and then suddenly cooled, or "quenched," in a bath of some cold fluid, generally water or oil. The outside is always the hardest, but, if the thickness be moderate, there is considerable hardening throughout. The colder the bath, the greater the hardness of the steel, until it reaches the "ice-brook's temper" of Othello's sword; but steel in passing rapidly through so long a range of cooling is very apt to "fly," or become brittle. For tough steel, therefore, the range of cooling should be as low as possible. By cooling in oil, the tenacity of the steel is supposed to be increased; and this increase is believed to be greater the higher the temperature of quenching; but the difference between water-cooling and oil-cooling is probably only due to the fact that the latter is a more gradual process. Unless the initial temperature of the steel is above a certain point, the hardening does not take place at all.

It will be seen that the phenomena vary materially with the initial and final temperatures of the steel, and to some extent with the rapidity of its passage from one to the other. It will also be seen that the essential qualities of hardness and toughness are opposed to each other; in

other words, the steel will be more hard, but at the same time less tough, as the fall of temperature is greater and more rapid. Hence it is of the utmost importance that the cooling should be as gradual as is consistent with giving to the steel that degree of hardness which is needful for the work it has to do; it will then be as tough as it can be made, to be sufficiently hard. In the bringing of any article to this desirable condition consists the process of tempering. In practice this is effected by first heating and quenching the steel, so as to harden it in excess, then raising it again very carefully to a certain temperature, varying according to the use for which it is intended, and then quenching it again from that temperature. The manner in which the correct temperature is ascertained is very curious and striking. Take the case of an ordinary cold chisel, which is usually hardened and tempered at one operation. The smith first heats it in his fire, protecting it from the atmosphere by laying it in the small coal. When he judges the heat sufficient, he draws it out, and dips the point in cold water, thus producing a rapid cooling and hardening. As soon as the cooling is completed, he lifts the point from the water, polishes it slightly, if necessary, with a grindstone or a file, and then watches it narrowly. The heat in the main body of the tool communicates itself to the point, and as the temperature of the bright surface rises, its original white lustre is seen to alter rapidly, first to a pale yellow, then to a straw color, then to a full yellow, then to a brownish orange. As soon as this last tint appears, the smith drops the point again into the water, in full confidence that when cooled it will be of the right temper for its work. If, however, the heating were continued, the brown would become dappled with purple, and would then be succeeded by a full purple, light blue, full blue, and dark blue, in regular order; and each of these would mark a point at which the steel should be quenched to give the temper proper for some particular tool; e.g., bright blue for swords and watch-springs, dark blue for saws.

Such being the facts, let us see how far theory has been able to account for them. This is what the committee's report has to tell us. Unfortunately, it is professedly deficient in its account of the German literature on the subject, owing, it is said, to the difficulty of obtaining good information from that country. This defi-

ciency, we believe, is to be supplied in a revised edition. Meantime, we can at least deal with the French and English views of the question. We should premise that the report has been primarily the work of Mr. W. Anderson, of the firm of Easton and Anderson, well known for his translation of Chernoff's important papers on steel; but the committee also comprises such names as those of Chernoff himself, Professor Williamson, Professor F. A. Abel, Mr. J. Vavasseur, and others.

I. Composition of Steel and Cast-Iron.—The early view seems to have been that the carbon in steel or cast-iron formed, at any rate in part, some definite chemical combination with the iron; but about 1852, Jullien developed the theory that the carbon was always present as a "solution" merely—liquid when the iron was hot, solid when it was cold. The term "solution," as applied to a solid substance, has not been fully accepted by English chemists; but it appears to have a real signification, as expressing a mixture so intimate that the smallest particle of the mixture which can be isolated will always be found to contain both components. In some cases, as in very grey cast-iron, the carbon is not even wholly in solution, but partly exists in specks, more or less large, of pure graphite. In this state it has generally been called "free" carbon, and when in solution "combined" carbon. As to the proportion in which these two forms occur in various qualities of iron and steel, Akerman, Barba, and others, have advanced various opinions; but the view that there exists in steel or cast-iron any definite chemical combination, or carburet of iron, appears to be abandoned on all sides. It seems generally allowed that no other elements than carbon and iron should be present in really pure steel; and that other substances, such as manganese, which are generally considered to improve steel, only do so by neutralizing the action of other and more hurtful impurities.

II. Condition of the Carbon of Iron in Steel.—Jullien's view on this part of the subject is, that molten cast-iron is a solution of liquid carbon in liquid iron: that when the metal is cooled slowly, part of the carbon separates out as pure graphite, while the remainder continues in solution, thus forming "grey," or soft cast-iron; but that, when the metal is cooled quickly, this separation does not occur, and that the result is a solution of crystallized car-

bon in amorphous iron, forming "white," or hard cast-iron. Exactly the same process occurs with steel, and makes the difference between hard and mild steel. Caron and Akerman generally confirm this view. They point out that hardened steel dissolves in hydrochloric acid without leaving any residue; but that the same steel, if first annealed, by being kept a long time at a red heat and allowed to cool slowly, leaves a residue of carbon insoluble in the acid. This seems to show that there is a more intimate mixture between the two elements in the former case, and that the carbon either dissolves with the iron, or more probably, escapes as carburetted hydrogen.

III. *Hardening of Steel.* — On this, the central point of the whole inquiry, Jullien advances a very bold and original theory. He holds that carbon, in contact with red-hot iron, becomes liquid and is absorbed like water in a sponge; that, if cooled slowly, the carbon becomes amorphous, and the steel is soft; but if cooled quickly, the carbon crystallizes, taking the properties of diamond, and the steel becomes, in fact, diamond set in iron. The hardness of the steel is thus simply due to the hardness of the crystallized carbon. In support of this, he remarks that all hard bodies take different molecular structures, according as they are cooled rapidly or slowly; e.g., gold is fibrous when cast in a metal mould, crystalline when cast in a sand mould; glass is crystalline when cooled rapidly, but amorphous when annealed. He further observes that diamond, heated for a long time in a closed vessel, becomes graphite, and hence concludes that liquid carbon, rapidly cooled, would become diamond.

This theory, striking as it is, is beset with difficulties. As the report observes, it is difficult to see how it can possibly account for tempering, i.e., for the nice gradations of hardness, varying with each small variation of temperature, and showing each its characteristic color, which have been described above. Moreover, as there is no known process of liquefying carbon, it is hard to believe that it is effected by the mere presence of hot air without the occurrence of any chemical reaction.

Barba and Akerman advance a theory altogether different, viz., that the severe compression in the several layers, produced by their contraction during rapid cooling, retains a greater proportion of carbon in solution, instead of allowing it

to separate out as graphite. Akerman supposes that the compression itself makes the metal more compact, and therefore harder, exactly as it is hardened in cold-rolling and wire-drawing. But, as the report observes, the outer layers, which cool first, are brought into a state of tension, not compression, by their efforts to contract over the still heated core; and yet it is precisely these outer layers which attain the greatest degree of hardness. There is, in fact, no reason to think that a piece of metal (e.g., a thin sheet of steel) heated and then cooled uniformly, would suffer any internal compression at all; yet it would undoubtedly be hardened.

The exact molecular changes that occur during the heating and cooling of steel were ably discussed by Chernoff in 1868. His view is, that there is a certain temperature, a , which must be overpassed before any hardening effect can be produced by cooling; and a higher temperature, b , at which steel takes an amorphous, wax-like form, and on cooling from which it crystallizes into large crystals if the process is slow and undisturbed, but into small crystals if the process is rapid or disturbed by hammering. Now for toughness and uniformity, in almost any metal, fine regular grain is essential; hence steel is improved, while at the same time hardened, by heating above temperature b , and then cooling rapidly. If it is again heated, it begins to soften, without losing its quality; but, so long as the heat is below temperature a , any required degree of softness can be permanently fixed, by simply quenching the steel as soon as it has reached the proper point, as indicated by the characteristic color. The phenomena of tempering are thus in some measure explained; but those of hardening still remain a mystery, since, although large crystals are unfavorable to the toughness, there is no reason to suppose that they affect the hardness of a metal. The existence, however, of some such molecular changes as Chernoff describes is confirmed by many other facts, e.g., the sudden and temporary expansions observed during the cooling of iron wire by Gore and Norris.

Dissatisfied with the theories of their predecessors, the committee have boldly struck out an idea of their own. This has been suggested by Edison's experiments on platinum wire, communicated to the American Association for the Advance-

ment of Science at Saratoga in 1879. These experiments showed that incandescent platinum wire became covered with minute fissures, due to the expiration of the occluded gases under the action of the heat; and that when the wire was allowed to cool *in vacuo*, these cracks closed up again and disappeared. By a succession of heatings and coolings *in vacuo*, the whole of the occluded gases were expelled, and the metal was then greatly altered in character, becoming much more dense and hard, and remaining perfectly rigid under the most intense incandescence. The committee suggest that the same action may take place in steel; that the heating of the metal expels the gases which remain occluded at ordinary temperatures, and that the sudden contraction in rapid cooling prevents their re-absorption (perhaps actually assists their expulsion); the particles of the metal are thus brought closer together, and their force of cohesion is increased. When the metal is gently heated, as in tempering, re-absorption begins; and the characteristic colors are due to changes in surface (*e.g.*, the gradual opening of minute fissures) which are produced by this re-absorption.

We do not propose at present to criticize this theory. The committee suggest the carrying out of a series of experiments, with the special view of testing its truth. But since the report was published, the subject has been discussed at a general meeting of the institution, and Prof. D. E. Hughes then gave it as his opinion, supported by recent researches, that soft steel was a mere coarse mixture of iron and carbon, while in hardened steel part of the carbon at least was in the form of an actual alloy with the iron, and that the qualities of the steel depend upon the constitution of this alloy. This was illustrated by the fact that hard steel was readily attacked by dilute sulphuric acid, while soft steel was not, which he accounted for by supposing that in the former case the combination was so intimate, that local galvanic circuits were set up, each molecule forming a minute carbon and iron battery. It is to be hoped that this theory, taken in conjunction with the opposing theory of occlusion, will be fully and carefully investigated, especially as such an investigation, whether it confirms either theory or not, can hardly fail to throw considerable light upon the very interesting phenomena we have here attempted to describe.

From The Spectator.

THE SWISS DEMOCRACY.

THE surprising vote, whereby the people of Geneva rejected the law passed a few weeks previously by their Great Council for the separation of Church and State, adds another instance to the several which late years have afforded of the extent to which Swiss democracies are influenced by conservative instincts. The *Referendum* (the name by which the *plébiscite* is known in the German-speaking cantons, — the equivalent in the French cantons is "*la votation populaire*,") has proved itself to be the strongest conservative force the confederation possesses, and may be regarded as the Swiss analogue of the English House of Lords, albeit its decisions are often marked by more intelligence than those of that historic institution. Since 1874, five measures, recommended by the Federal Council, and which had received the assent of both branches of the national assembly — elected, be it remembered, by universal suffrage — have been vetoed by the popular vote. All these measures were, in some sense, innovations, and owed their rejection as much to dislike of change and desire to let well alone on the part of the constituencies, as to the obvious demerits or inopportune-ness of the legislation which was submitted for their approval. But they have no blind dislike of change as change, and in 1878, in the matter of the St. Gothard subsidy, the Swiss people showed their capacity to appreciate questions of high policy. It was pointed out to them how undesirable it was that a great international railway, traversing the territory of the confederation, should be exclusively owned by two foreign powers — as would have been the case had the subsidy been refused — and in what grave complications, in certain circumstances, such a contingency might involve the country. These arguments commended themselves to the popular understanding, and although the granting of the subsidy put a strain on the national resources, for the benefit of an enterprise which many of the cantons regarded as adverse to their local interest, half a million voters went to the poll on a wretched day in mid-winter, and two-thirds of them voted "Yes." The same common sense characterizes the conduct of the constituencies in cantonal as well as local questions. A few weeks ago, some anti-vaccination fanatics in Zurich demanded the reference of the law for compulsory

vaccination to the popular vote. On this all, or nearly all, the medical men in the canton issued a manifesto, in which they gave it as their opinion that involuntary vaccination ought to be maintained in the interests of health, and that the working of the law had been productive of good. It was confirmed by a large majority.

The Referendum is not, as has been supposed, an imitation of the Napoleonic *plébiscite*, nor has it any analogy with that institution of evil memory. It is never asked of the Swiss people to accept a ruler or support a dynasty; they are asked merely to say whether a certain measure is agreeable to them or not; and even when constitutional changes are in question, the machinery of the Referendum can only be put into motion on the requisition of thirty thousand citizens, or on the demand of eight cantons. In one form or another, the system has prevailed in Switzerland from time immemorial. It was brought to Helvetia by the first Switzers who cast their tents in the mythical meadow, fenced in by the frowning crags of Mount Haken, and settled by the waters of the Vierwaldstättersee. Every spring, even to this day, the men of Uri and Unterwalden, like their fathers before them, meet in the market-place or on some rugged hillside to accept, or reject, by show of hands, the laws laid before them by their *Vögte* and *Landamänner*. In order to reconcile the primitive cantons to the loss of some of their local privileges which the measure involved, the popular vote was introduced into the constitution of 1874. But as all the adult males of the confederation could not conveniently meet in a market-place or on a mountain-side, the Referendum was substituted for the meeting and the ballot-box for the show of hands. Whether the framers of the constitution foresaw the steady influence which the Referendum was destined to exercise, there is nothing to show; but this tendency speedily became so manifest, that the system has lately been adopted by two French-speaking cantons—Geneva and Neuchâtel—on the avowed ground of its efficiency as a check on hasty and too radical legislation.

By a peculiar irony of circumstance, the party in Geneva by whose efforts the principle of the popular vote was added to the cantonal constitution have been the first to suffer by its operation. When, a twelvemonth ago, the conservatives found themselves, on the first occasion for several years, in a majority in the

Great Council, they lost no time in procuring an amendment of the constitution in this sense, and a month since they passed a law for the separation of Church and State. The measure was recommended by many and weighty considerations. A majority of the population, in name at least, belongs to the Roman Catholic Church, a Church which in 1873 was rudely and almost violently disestablished and disendowed. The attempt to set up in its place a mongrel establishment, the so-called "Liberal Catholic Church," has signally failed. The national Protestant Church is national only in name, and is divided into two sections, as hostile to each other as Evangelicals and Ritualists, and the suppression of the *budget des cultes* would effect an important saving in the cantonal expenditure. Yet so little did these considerations avail with the electors, that the law of disestablishment was vetoed by a majority of nearly five thousand, in a total vote of thirteen thousand three hundred. Several causes contributed to bring about this result. The Genevese, who are a cultured people, are proud of the ancient glories of the republic,—glories of which the Church of Calvin was at once the emblem and the source. The national Church of to-day, how inferior soever it may be to its exemplar, is still its descendant and representative, and for that reason they desire to preserve it as a State institution. Then the Roman Catholic religion is far from popular in the canton; many of its bitterest opponents are found among its nominal followers, and, as the Roman Catholics were imprudent enough to declare that they would regard acceptance of the law as a Catholic victory, every enemy of the pope, and every friend of Protestantism rallied to the support of the threatened institution. For good or for evil, the defeat of the abolitionists is so complete, that the question of separation of Church and State is not likely to be raised in Geneva for many years to come, nor, probably, in any other Swiss canton. The issue in this matter is strikingly significant of the wide divergence of opinion on important subjects that may exist between members and their constituents, and shows how far from truly representative elected bodies sometimes are.

It need hardly be said that however admirably the Referendum may work in Switzerland, the system cannot be recommended for adoption by countries less peculiarly and happily situated. The

confederation has no standing army, no navy, and no foreign policy. The people have been trained in habits of self-government by centuries of well-ordered freedom, and by their communal and cantonal organization. They have neither privileged classes nor great cities; they have long possessed an admirable system of national education, and either as peasant proprie-

tors or as members of communes, a million Switzers have a personal interest in the soil they cultivate and the noble land in which they live. The political and municipal institutions of Switzerland are *sui generis*, and can no more be appropriated by other peoples, than her lakes and mountains can be transferred to foreign shores.

GRUYERE CHEESE.—Perhaps the most justly celebrated cheese made on the Continent of Europe is the Swiss Gruyère. This is made mostly in huts, called *châlets*, high up among the Alps, at the time during which the pastures on the mountain-sides are accessible, and the huts habitable, say, from the melting of the snow in May to the end of September, when men and animals descend for the winter into the sheltered valleys thousands of feet below. The *châlets* are located in the midst of the mountain pastures on a spot safe from avalanches, and generally near to a small pond or spring of water, when such are available. Provisions from the valleys are carried up weekly to the *châlets*, and it is under such difficult and romantic circumstances that a cheese is made which for hundreds of years has been considered almost, if not quite, the best on the Continent. The milk, partly skimmed, or not, according to the quality of cheese desired to be made, is put into a great kettle and swung on a crane over a gentle fire, where it is allowed to attain a temperature of 77 degrees Fahr., when the kettle is swung off the fire and rennet is added to the milk. When coagulation has advanced far enough, the curd is cut into as fine pieces as is practicable with the large wooden knife which is used for the purpose. The kettle is then swung over the fire again, and the curd is taken up in small quantities in a porringer, and poured back through the fingers, whereby it is still more finely divided. Great importance is attached to this division of the curd, in order that each particle may be fully exposed to the action of the heat in the "cooking" process, which ensues up to a point when a temperature of 90 degrees has been attained. The kettle is then immediately swung off the fire, and the waste of curd and whey stirred for some fifteen minutes longer; and if the cooking has been properly performed, the particles of curd have the appearance of bursted grains of rice swimming in the whey. The curd is then collected in a cloth, and great care is taken to expel all the whey. The salting of the cheese is also considered a delicate and important process. The salt is rubbed, from time to time, on the outside of the cheese, care being taken to discern

when enough shall have been absorbed. The Gruyère cheeses are commonly three feet in diameter, and weigh over one hundred pounds. A successful cheese of this kind is like a soft yellow paste, which melts in the mouth, and it is filled with cavities about the size of a pea, one or two, say, in each square inch of cheese.

Cowkeeper and Dairyman's Journal.

HISTORIC GLASS NOTES.—In the year 676 A.D., "messengers were sent," according to Bede, from Wearmouth, England, to Gaul (France) to fetch makers of glass (*artificers*?), "who were at this time unknown in England, that they might glaze the windows of the church, with the cloisters and dining-rooms." Bede adds that "they taught the English nation their handicraft, which was well adapted for inclosing the lanterns of the church and for the vessels required for various uses." About this time, Archbishop Wilfrid, of York, "filled with glass" the windows of the cathedral, previously "open to the weather," and "such glass," says one, "as permitted the sun to shine through," from which it may be inferred that glass was made that was impenetrable to the sun's rays. It was recorded, in connection with this cathedral, that "great astonishment was excited, and superstitious agency suspected, when the moon and stars were seen through a material which excluded the inclemency of the weather." Still, the adoption of glass was slow; for in 1214 Robert de Lindesay, abbot of Peterborough, employed glass "in beautifying thirty of the windows of his monastery, previously stuffed with straw to keep out the wind and rain," and, for some generations later, the domestic windows of England were not furnished with glass, but lattice. When glass windows were first introduced they were not fixtures, but were regarded as movable chattels. In 1599, Lord Coke, in the Common Pleas, adjudged that "glass annexed to window-frames by nails, in any other manner, could not be removed, for without glass it was no perfect house."

Pottery Gazette.